The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

THE BOOKMAN SPECIAL TWENTY-FOUR GUINEAS PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Bookman monthly Prize Competitions have been so increasingly successful that we have decided to offer twelve special prizes for competition as follows—

(1) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s., and a Third of £1. 1s. for the three best original lyrics in not more than forty lines each.*

(2) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s. and a Third of £1. 1s. for the best essay in not more than seven hundred words on "My Favourite Author."*

(3) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s. and a Third of £1. 1s. for the best drawing (serious or humorous, in line or wash) illustrating the title of any book published this year.*

(4) *We offer a First prize of £3. 3s., a Second of £2. 2s. and a Third of £1. 1s. for the best three humorous poems in not more than forty lines each.*

Competitors should write on one side of the paper only. Any competitor who wishes to do so may send in for two or more of these Competitions.

All replies, marked "Special Competition" on the envelope or wrapper, should be addressed to

The Editor,
The Bookman,
St. Paul's House,
Warwick Square,
London E.C.4,

and must reach the Bookman *office by the first post on September 4th next.*

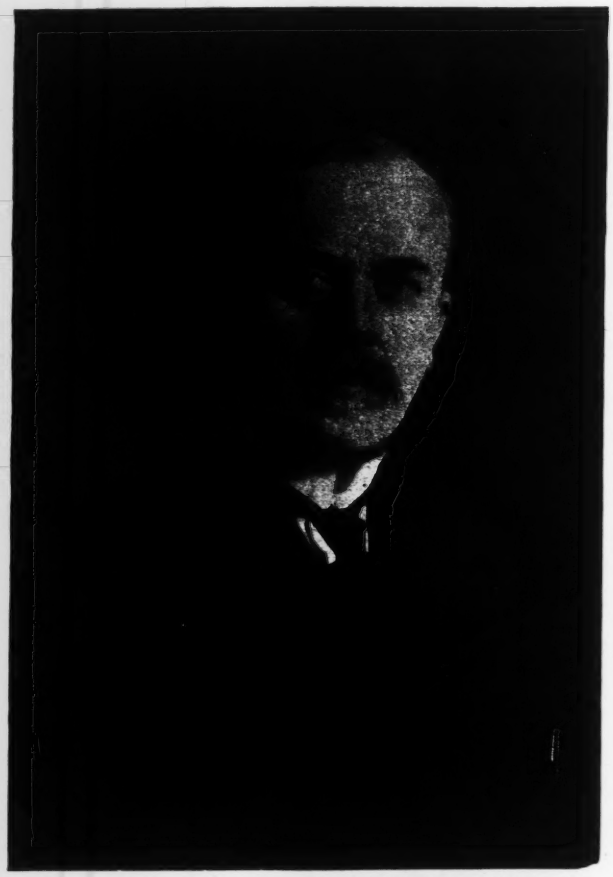
Results will be announced in The Bookman *for October, when a selection of the poems, essays and drawings will be published, in addition to those to which prizes are awarded.*

The Index to Vol. LV. will be given with next month's Bookman.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written a new poem, "The Supports," for the *Story Magazine*, the first Number of which Messrs. Hutchinson will publish this month.

Mr. Warre B. Wells's "John Redmond" (8s. 6d. net., Nisbet) is a very able and admirably written biography, combining a personal study of the great Irish statesman with a survey of Irish political history from 1881 to 1918.

Everybody in journalistic circles knows or knows about Mr. McDonald Rendle. Fleet Street caught him young, and has never let go of him. He came from the country in his youth, and was soon at home in that friendly, picturesque Bohemian London that began to give up the ghost when Queen Victoria died, and has by now given up nearly all of it. At an early stage of his journalistic career Mr. Rendle became a gallery reporter in the House of Commons, and two entertaining chapters of his "Swings and Roundabouts" (15s. net, Chapman & Hall) narrate his experiences there, and set down his impressions of the politicians and pressmen of the day and some lively anecdotes concerning them. A muster roll of the famous, curious or interesting people he has known, and who figure in his pages would fill more space than can be spared. They include not only a great variety of journalists and politicians, but actors, actresses, music-hall stars, stage wizards, dwarfs, giants, royal persons, pugilists and others of the motley many who have helped to make the world better or worse in the last forty or fifty years. He gives you among the illustrations a picture of the "Old Vic" at its opening in 1818, but that is vanity and was before his time. His time was the great later Victorian era, and "Swings and Roundabouts" is one of the best, most crowded and most delightfully amusing records of that era that have been written for us. As a fact, Mr. Rendle is still having his time, but he says nothing of recent years, and, except at the outset, little of his own distinguished work as a pressman. He has so much to describe, so many good anecdotes to tell of so many people that he seems to forget to talk of himself, and gives you instead the vividest picture of the world in which he has lived, and the men and women who were his friends and neighbours in it. After-dinner speakers may steal his stories with advantage; his reminiscences are not only capital reading, they are a real contribution to the journalistic, theatrical, Bohemian and general social life of yesterday and the day before.



Mr. T. McDonald Rendle,
From "Swings and Roundabouts" (Chapman & Hall).

Under the direction of Mr. William Poel, Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" and that quaint old Elizabethan play, "The Return from Parnassus," will be produced in the Jacobean Hall of the Society of Apothecaries on the 3rd June, the first acted by children of the L.C.C. South Hackney Central School, the second by the Elizabethan Players. The "Return," a very interesting revival, is a sequel to "The Pilgrimage to Parnassus" (1598–1601), and shows how the pilgrims, newly descended from the heights of poetry, struggle to gain a footing as tutor, physician, fiddler, or shepherd, in the every-day business world. It contains flattering and uncomplimentary references to Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Marlowe, Spenser, and other contemporary poets and dramatists.

In spite of Hazlitt's praise of it, "John Buncle" is left among those books that are generally taken as read. Mr. J. Cuming Walters is one of the few men alive who has read it right through without skipping, and he intimates that he sometimes found it heavy going. Nevertheless, the story of the book and the story of its author as he tells them in "John Buncle—A Curio of Literature" (1s., Sherratt & Hughes) are delightfully amusing. "John Buncle" may be a tedious book to read, but under Mr. Walter's skilful treatment it becomes a very interesting and a joyous book to read about.

"Napoleon," a new four-act drama by Mr. Herbert Trench, will be published forthwith by the Oxford Press. The action of the play takes place at Boulogne, and in the neighbourhood of Dover,

its chief incident being Napoleon's secret crossing of the Channel in order to reconnoitre the coast of Kent in person.

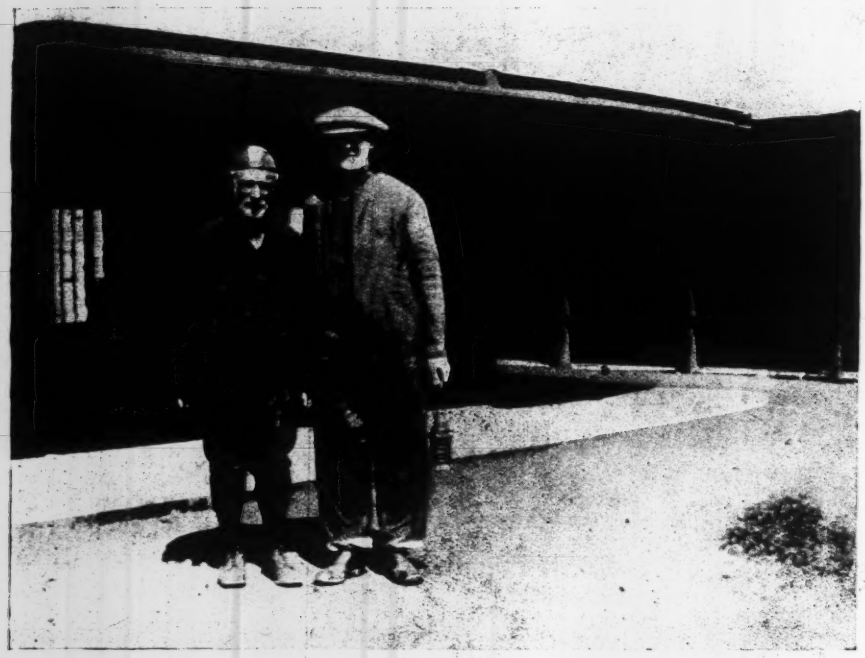
In the Tudor surroundings of the Stationers' Hall, to a large assembly of members and friends of the Book Trade Provident Society, Sir Ernest Shackleton lectured the other evening, with lantern-slide illustrations, on "Adventures in the Antarctic." Sir Ernest is a most admirable lecturer. He is not eloquent; that would have spoiled everything; but he is a born teller of stories and talks in pictures. Telling of vast wastes of snow and ice in which he and his party were stranded, and had to struggle for existence, and of deeds of heroism and endurance, he told of them casually, curtly, and with genial, ironic asides, as if all that were a sort of thing happening everywhere every day. He recalled exciting or amusing incidents, passed from anecdote to anecdote in the easiest, familiar manner, as if he were yarning over the campfire in the wilds of the Farthest South that he was remembering. It was not the whole story; we shall have to wait for that until the book of his "Adventures in the Antarctic" is published by Mr. Heinemann in the autumn; but judging by the snatches and samples of it that Sir Ernest gave his audience it is a book that will be well worth having when it comes.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Captain A. S. M. Hutchinson,**
Author of "The Happy Warrior," "The Clean Heart," etc., who has just been demobolised and is resuming his literary work.

"Vision," whose second number is just published, is a magazine and review of mysticism and spiritual reconstruction, edited by Dorothy Grenside and Galloway Kyle, and published by Erskine Macdonald. An excellent miscellany of prose and verse which challenges the materialistic teachings of scientists and spiritualists, appeals to all who are seeking "true vision," and holds that "spiritual truth is gained by the unfoldment by the spirit of its own inherent powers."

The ship in which Mr. F. G. Trayes was voyaging from Singapore to the Cape was captured by a German raider in September, 1917, and "Five Months in a German Raider" (3s. 6d. net, Headley), narrates his own and his fellow-passengers' experiences as prisoners in the hands of the Hun sea-rovers. It is an engrossing and a moving story, written graphically, with a quiet, Defoe-like realism.

If you think nobody can write anything fresh about the war, read Mr. Keble Howard's "An Author in Wonderland," (10s. 6d. net, Chatto & Windus), and you will find there are still things to tell, and that he knows how to tell them. When the Army rejected him on medical grounds, Keble Howard consoled himself by serving as a chauffeur and driving Colonels about in his own car. Then he enlisted and drilled with squads of other famous people in the United Arts Volunteers; he went into the anti-aircraft service and worked as a telephone operator; then became an officer and, after spending some time in ruling ledgers, began to have exciting intervals during air raids as an orderly officer. Finally, somebody woke up and recognised that his pre-war training fitted him for the propaganda department, and thenceforth he went all over the country seeing how civilian men and women were fighting on the home front, in the coal-pits, the great shipyards, on the land, and how the deep sea fishermen were dauntlessly acting as scouts for the Grand Fleet, daring the worst that enemy submarines could do to them and sweeping the waters of drifting mines. He writes of all this and other



Mr. Keble Howard and. Mr Davis in mining kit.

From "An Author in Wonderland," by Keble Howard (Chatto & Windus).

war work graphically, with a quick instinct for its dramatic episodes and the keenest imaginative sympathy and admiration for the sturdy patriotism and unconscious heroism of the motley many who were doing it. A great story; a whole collection of human documents that are sometimes whimsically humorous, sometimes charged with an intensely emotional appeal and are sometimes both, and always alive with interest.

Miss Anne Topham, whose new novel, "The Beginning and the End," Mr. Andrew Melrose has published, made her first success with her first book, "Daphne in the Fatherland," which appeared anonymously in 1912, and met with an uncommonly favourable reception from the critics and the public. She followed this with two other novels, and in 1914, fourteen days after the declaration of war, her "Memories of the Kaiser's Court" was published. She then wrote "Memories of the Fatherland" and the first edition of that book was quite literally absorbed before publication, for it was sunk in a vessel which was torpedoed on its voyage from Edinburgh to London. "The Beginning and the End" is a poignant and ably written story which studies the psychology of a young girl, untrained, unguided, intensely emotional and passionate, who courageously faces the world in which, if the truth were known, she would be a social outcast, and fights indomitably for the sake of her child, and is ennobled in character, and recovers her self-respect and the respect of others in the process; while the man who had wronged her has to pay a heavier price for his folly than the woman paid for hers.

"The Oxford Outlook," a literary and political review, edited by two Undergraduates, aims at giving expression to the thought, aspiration, spirit of young Oxford, and the breadth and earnestness of this spirit is revealed in the able and outspoken articles on "The Renaissance of Oxford," by Leslie Hore-Belisha, and "An English-Speaking Fellowship," by Lord Charnwood. The first Number also contains articles on "The American Point of View"; "The Jugo-Slav Ideal"; "Oxford Poetry"; "Oxford Drama"; and poems by John Masefield and Siegfried Sassoon.

Photo by E. Montague Treble, Derby.

Miss Anne Topham.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

MISS F. E. MILLS YOUNG.

AT the risk of exposing my own ignorance, I will confess that I know of only three South African writers of fiction who were born in that country. These are Miss Olive Schreiner, W. C. Scully and F. Horace Rose. I am uncertain of Will Westrup, and of Douglas Blackburn, who has been called "the father of the modern school of South African novelists"; they have spent much of their lives there, anyhow, wherever they may have been born. But in the main the fiction that has interpreted to us the life and character of South Africa has been written by men and women of the homeland who went out in search of health, or business or adventure and in some cases remained there, and in some, after a longer or shorter sojourn, came their ways home again or travelled farther afield. Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, whose "Jock of the Bushveld" does for the English settlers what "The Story of an African Farm" did for the Dutch, went to the Transvaal when he was little more than twenty, and made it his permanent place of residence. Otherwise, the romance and realism of African town and country, Kaffir and savage life have been variously presented in the books of such wandering British islanders as Sir H. Rider Haggard, Bertram Mitford, Ernest Glanville, H. A. Bryden, Perceval Gibbon, Stanley Portal Hyatt, F. Bancroft, Cynthia Stockley, Gertrude Page and Miss F. E. Mills Young.

And by none perhaps with a more convincing realism, a more sympathetic understanding of British, Boer and native character, and the problems that arise from the mingling of these divers elements of a nation that is still in the making, than by Miss Mills Young.

Miss Young is English by birth, but owns to a very deep-rooted affection for South Africa, to which country she went as a child with her family. She was educated partly in England, partly in Paris, and finally in South Africa, at the "Girls' Collegiate School," Port Elizabeth. There was never a time within her recollection when she was not writing stories; and she grew up with the definite desire in her mind to devote herself to a literary career.

The first novel she finished and submitted for publication was written when she was nineteen. This, and a second, a story of the Boer War, and a third, "The War of the Sexes," were all written while she was living in South Africa, but none of them was accepted until several years later. When they at last made their appearance her present name was not on their title-pages; and now they have long been out of print. She has known no more of the disappointing uncertainties of hunting for a publisher since her first real success came with the publication by Mr. John Lane, in 1907, of "A Mistaken Marriage." This was followed in quick succession by "Chip," "Atonement," "Grit Lawless," "Sam's Kid," "The Bywonner," and some half-dozen others that have given her a secure place not only as one of the most popular, but as one of the most distinguished of living women novelists, for she has the three things needful to the story-teller—an actual or intuitive knowledge of all sorts of humanity; imagination; and a brilliant narrative gift that enables her to snare your interest in whatever tale she may tell. It is not strange that for the majority of her stories, and the best of them, Miss Mills Young has gone to the scenes and people of her adopted country; so much of her life in its most impressionable years has been associated with them that she knows them more intimately and so finds them more interesting than the places and people to which, nowadays, she has come home again. "I infinitely prefer to use South Africa as a setting for my stories," she says, "on account of the wider, freer atmosphere, the greater diversity of life and its less conventional outlook. When writing of South Africa I feel again the call of the sunshine, the warmth and colour and the light, clear air."

Of the six of Miss Mills Young's novels that stand on my own shelves only one has an English atmosphere. The art of these stories is that whether they are of England or of Africa they belong essentially and in grain to their environment. They wear an air of truthfulness; even their romance is realistic, and through all their poignant or sensational, sombre or happy developments, they grow naturally out of the characters and circumstances of the men and women who are concerned in them. It was Harborough's innate sense of honour that came between him and his passion for Naomi Bruce, in "Atonement," and prevented the story of his love for her, amid the rough surroundings of the veld farm, from being

Photo by J. C. Dinham, Torquay. **Miss F. E. Mills Young.**

simply and charmingly idyllic, and it was the simplicity and inexperience inseparable from her lonely upbringing that, when his very love of her forced him to confess the squalid truth about himself, drove Naomi, disillusioned and desperate, to a step that might have broken the lives of both.

I remember "The Bywonner" for its powerful studies of Ransom, the degenerate Englishman who has drifted down till he is sunk almost to the level of the Kaffirs; his tragic daughter, smirched by his shame and making no effort to avoid the disaster that comes upon herself; his son, who has some pride in his ancestry and strives triumphantly to make good and restore the honour of the family—these, and the sketches of the Cape Dutch folk, notably the vigorous drawing of Zirk, the boor who rose to something of heroic greatness for love of a woman, are as brilliant a group of portraits, masterful in their lifelikeness, intensely human and alive, as any Miss Mills Young has done.

In "Valley of a Thousand Hills" and "The Great Unrest" she handles ably and with dramatic effectiveness some of those difficult problems of South African life that have always made a strong appeal to her and have played an increasing part in her recent novels. Behind the love romance of the pleasant Dutch girl, Alieta, the doings of the bounder Harold Johnson, and the follies of that weakly feminine creature the frivolous wife of the luckless, broken-down Gommet, in the "Valley," you have a comprehensive survey of latter-day social conditions in South Africa; the vision of a way, not perhaps a wholly desirable way, in which the two white races living there together but not in unity may be moulded into a strong, cohesive nation; a plea for the better treatment of the Indians, if only as a matter of policy; an exposition of the causes inimical to a fusing of English and Dutch, and an insight of the reasons why the Dutch are more successful as settlers than are our colonists from England.

The labour troubles that were reaching a crisis in South Africa just before the war largely influence the characters and the course of the story in "The Great Unrest." The chief interest, however, does not centre on these but on the career of an attractive young rip whose development you follow from his childhood and youth in England to his appearance in Africa as a drifter, a waster, "a man of queer impulses and many follies," whose loose socialistic tendencies make him a sort of easy-going firebrand of revolt, till the war comes to give him a definite purpose in life and hammer him into a man.

"Beatrice Ashleigh," which came out last autumn, has an English setting, and again the potent influences of the war are over its pages. The war only matters to the story, however, to the extent that in seeming to raise an impassable barrier between two strong-willed persons it breaks all barriers down. Miss Mills Young has done nothing finer in the art of portraiture than her detailed, subtly intimate rendering of the characters of Beatrice and of the man she grew to love in spite of herself.

For her new novel, "The Shadow of the Past," Miss Young has returned to South Africa, and the country that has taken such hold upon her heart and imagination has, I think, yielded her no story more engrossing than this of the young Englishman, Guy Matheson, stranded and at a loose end and drawn, an unconscious dupe, into the service of a German agent who is fomenting rebellion among the Boers. Guy has already pledged himself to a pretty, commonplace English girl who had befriended him, when his mysterious duties take him into the wilds, where he meets with Honor Kringe, the fascinating, capable, wholly admirable daughter of a Boer family that is divided among themselves, and innocently delivers his message to men he does not know to be rebels. Honor, a passionately earnest rebel, despises him as a traitor to his own side till she realises that he is acting in ignorance; and when his eyes are opened to the truth and her love for him cannot shake her faith in her cause, he is driven to choose between his passion for Honor and his loyalty to his country. Miss Young understands the Cape Dutch, understands the root-causes of that futile outbreak of a section of them in the early days of the war and, without exculpating, sympathises with them, much as the English Mrs. Kringe, the widow of a Boer farmer, knowing of her people's wrongs as well as of their wrongdoings, was more in sympathy with her rebel son and daughter than with the maturer, common-sense son who would not rebel.

"The Shadow of the Past" was really written with a desire to give readers in England some idea of the Boer point of view which led up to that abortive rebellion, a point of view, narrow perhaps but with something to be said for it, that is responsible for the bitter feeling which still exists among the less enlightened, more conservative South African Dutch. "While revisiting the Colony in 1893 and after meeting many Dutch types and listening to the expression of their different opinions," says Miss Young, "it occurred to me that it might interest some readers in England if those views were presented to them in the form of fiction." The principal Dutch characters, though in no sense portraits, are drawn from first hand observation, and much of the subject-matter of the novel was gleaned in the course of those conversations. The story of the Kringe family with a divided allegiance to old and new ideals, the English mother in fierce accord with pro-Boer aspirations, is all, up to a point, record of authentic fact.

A new South African novel, on which Miss Mills Young is at present engaged, deals with the subject of the Farm School and touches lightly on questions raised by the undesirable mixing of the white and coloured races. But here, as in all her books, she is no propagandist; she does not preach or protest; and is a too sensitive an artist to do more with any social or political problem than to give it its due place in the background and suggest the evil of it by revealing its influence on the life and character and conduct of the uncompromisingly human men and women of her story.

A. ST. J. A.

THE READER.

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819-1875).

By R. Ellis Roberts.

I.

ONLY when studious of incongruity do we remember the clerical character of such authors as Swift and Sterne: others there are, such as Crabbe, to whom the profession of parson seems not unsuitable; and there are a few whose writings never allow the reader to forget that their author was a parson. I exclude, of course, the great body of clerics, Law, Hooker, Wesley, Church, Newman, whose writings are primarily and mainly theological and religious: they are clerics first and artists second; but there are others, the body of whose work is secular, who never allow us to forget that their attitude in life is not the attitude simply of the artist. Recently Hugh Benson was typical of this class; but the most conspicuous instance of it was, to my mind, Charles Kingsley. In some lyrics he does approach a purely æsthetic outlook on life, but through the bulk of his work runs a motive other than artistic, a motive at times in violent contradiction to the æsthetic motive. I am not here discussing the value or the legitimacy of this particular sort of bias, but the difference between the work, say, of Henry and Charles Kingsley is as great as the difference between a horse broken in and a wild horse. It is not that Charles Kingsley is not free—but his freedom is limited by certain voluntarily accepted restrictions; the freedom of other artists, of the pure artist, is limited too, but only by restrictions innate to his character and temperament. Of these restrictions a man is generally unconscious, and there is a world of difference between the laws of a man's nature and the laws of his deliberate adoption. Kingsley was acutely conscious of his position as a clergyman of a national Church. It colours all his fiction—sometimes to its advantage as in "Yeast" and "Alton Locke," where it added a sense of official responsibility to his personal zeal for reform; sometimes disastrously, as in "Westward Ho!" and "Hypatia," when it made him incapable of appreciating the dauntless courage of the Jesuit missionaries, or the genuine difficulties of Christendom in its contest with refined Paganism. For Kingsley was of Arnold's school in the Church, and resented the idea of a Christianity which was unwilling to come to terms with the "right wing" of non-Christian thought. It coloured too—this consciousness of his profession—the great controversy with Newman. I have no intention of stressing that unfortunate episode in Kingsley's life; but this should be said. Kingsley's genuine inability to understand Newman sprang not only from his real dislike of Catholicism; it arose from the fact that he had long ago closed his mind to the idea that truth was not the possession of the English nation as expressed by the English Church. He had never pursued truth wherever it led as had Newman. He simply could not understand how a man could go on following a line of argument if its consequences were that he should have to believe in the liquefaction of the blood of S. Januarius or the permissibility of the moral theology of Alphonsus Liguori. Indeed it is no paradox to say that it was precisely because Kingsley had never followed truth for its own sake that he suspected Newman of committing the same error. Kingsley could never ignore consequences if they were repugnant to his taste, his idea of what was morally or æsthetically fitting. He was really, to use the slang of yesterday, a pragmatist. His "be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever" is the cry of a man tired at heart and sick at brain at the effort of clear thinking: his gospel is the gospel of the Epistle of James, and had he lived in the Apostolic age, he would have got into very much the same trouble with St. Paul as he did with Newman.

Photo by Mason & Co. **Charles Kingsley.**

II.

He did not live in the Apostolic age, but in the latest of the Prophetic ages; and himself is surely one of the greatest of the minor prophets. Born on the 12th June, 1819, at Holne in Dartmoor, he divided his childhood between the vastly dissimilar scenery of Clovelly in North Devon and Barnack in the Fen Country. After taking his degree at Cambridge he was ordained, and

Holne Rectory,
where Kingsley was born, June 12th, 1819.

was first curate and then, till his death, Rector of Eversley in Hampshire. During his youth he was attached, more by sympathy of heart than intellectual conviction, to the Christian Socialism of Ludlow, Maurice and Tom Hughes. He was never a democrat in the academic sense; but his passionate hatred of social injustice and love for the poor gave him a practical social philosophy worth a good deal more than the less heartening, if more correct, socialism of the schools. He was an excellent and unconventional country priest, and by a freak of favouritism only possible in such a country as England, was for nine years professor of modern history at Cambridge. But if his history was picturesque, so were his lectures; and he gave enthusiasm and a love of colour to the service of a chair too often filled by dates and dust. He was popular at Court, and as he grew older his natural conservatism of mind increased, and his radicalism assumed more and more—as can be seen in "The Water-Babies"—the character of a belief in benevolent despotism—government, as it has been put, of the Cottage by the Hall for the Rectory. But Kingsley always felt right; and though "his heart is in the right place" must not be accepted as an excuse for loose thinking, do not let us forget that there are a great number of people whose hearts and heads are both wrong. He lived a strenuous, overcharged life and died in 1875, still Rector of Eversley, and, since 1873, Canon of Westminster.

III.

Certain superior modern critics are fond of referring to the works of the great Victorians as "dead" or as "unread." The question of death may be difficult to decide, for people's conceptions of life differ; but the other accusation "unread" is easy to meet. I do not suppose all the purchasers of books in popular libraries read all they get; but I am unwilling to believe that any one buys novels of old authors purely out of fashion. A sense of duty might make a man buy Gibbon or Burke; but if he buys "The Woman in White" or "Hard Cash" or "Mary Barton" he buys to read. So I shall not argue about whether Kingsley is read now or not. I merely note that "Westward Ho!" was published in Everyman's Library in 1906 and was reprinted in 1906, 1907, 1909, 1910 and 1911; that "Hereward the Wake" was printed thrice between 1908 and 1911, and "Hypatia" twice in 1907 and 1910—in the same library. I have little doubt that Kingsley's publishers, Macmillan, could tell a story of steady sales; and that other popular, non-copyright editions sell as readily as those issued by Dent. Indeed the modern cry of "unread" is frequently, I believe, a cry of vexation from young men indignant that the romance, the humour, and the realism of their parents and grandparents should still be preferred to their own more artistic and competent productions. The same *cognoscenti* are fond of saying "No one reads Kipling now," a statement which a glance at the circulation-figures of his old or new books would quickly disprove. Kingsley then is still read—that is, his historical novels, his poems, and his children's books. His sermons and historical essays naturally had a more transient appeal. Few there are now who read Smith or Donne; even Newman, I suspect, in his sermons, has to rely chiefly on a clerical audience. And if these masters of the pulpit are neglected, Kingsley

St. Luke's Church, Chelsea.
Kingsley's father was Rector here from 1836 to 1860. Charles Kingsley held the office of Clerk-in-Orders at this church from his marriage in 1844 until 1849. Here Dickens was married, April 2nd, 1836.

cannot expect to survive. As a preacher he originated nothing; and as an historian he was too general and not sufficiently deep in his appeal for his influence to extend much beyond his own generation.

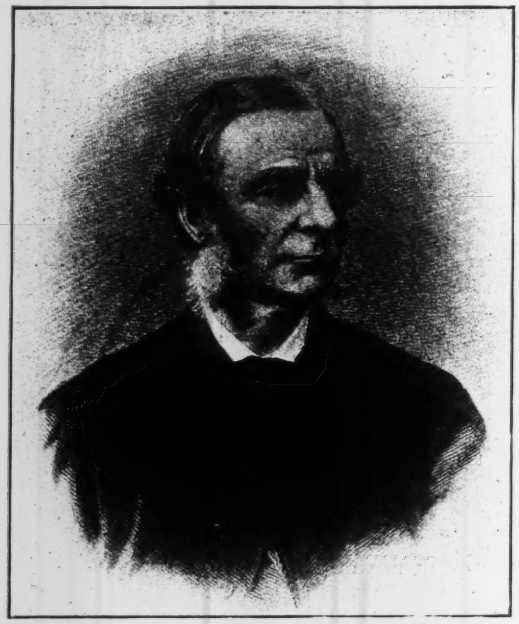
In spite of myself, I think there is no doubt that "Westward Ho!" is his best novel. In vigour, in gravity of passion, in its devotion to England, in breadth of interest, and in imagination, it is, as a whole, on a higher plane than "Hereward" or "Hypatia." As a whole—for there are things in "Hypatia" which seem to me better than anything in the adventure of Amyas Leigh, and the picture of Synesius, that strange, romantic bishop of early Christendom, is a feat of romantic reconstruction which Kingsley never equalled. In his portrayal of that gallant, unorthodox, noble-hearted man he adopted a method of historical writing which Mr. Bernard Shaw copied with great success in "Cæsar and Cleopatra" and in "Androcles and the Lion." The method is simple and, if at times careless of accuracy, only for the sake of truth. It consists in remembering that men are alike in all ages—a fact that our knowledge of certain famous men should never allow us to forget. No one who knows his Lucian need be astonished at Voltaire; and Kingsley's Synesius is in some ways like Kingsley, in others reminiscent of Mandell Creighton. In reading "Westward Ho!" I always sigh for a similar presentation of that great Queen Elizabeth. Alas! Kingsley had a sixteenth century passion for that yellow-haired termagant; and we see Elizabeth as an object of faith and worship, not as the hard-headed, susceptible, unsympathetic, mean and magnificent tyrant that she was. The subservience to Gloriana and the gross treatment of Parsons and Campion spoil "Westward Ho!" as a boy's book; there is no reason why an historical novel should not be frankly Protestant, but it should be fair. It is not that Kingsley's prejudice is inartistic; it is singularly otherwise. I know few things more moving than the discovery of Lucy Passmore by Will Cary: what one objects to is Kingsley's continuous insistence on retaining the theological atmosphere in a controversy which even at the time many Englishmen felt was national rather than religious. For those who can pardon the bias, however, "Westward Ho!" remains the most satisfactory of Kingsley's novels; "Hypatia" has none of its briskness of action, and too little of its variety of characterisation, and "Hereward the Wake" deals with a period too remote to quicken in the reader the same interest as all must feel in the days of Elizabeth. "Westward Ho!" is notable too for its glowing pages of

Chelsea Rectory.
The wing to the left and the conservatory were built after Kingsley's time.

Rev. Derwent Coleridge
(S. T. Coleridge's son).
Kingsley's schoolmaster at Helston, Cornwall.

J. F. Denison Maurice,
the friend who greatly influenced Kingsley's social gospel, and whom he delighted to call "Master."

Thomas Hughes,
1823-1896.
The author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays" was one of Kingsley's most intimate friends.



Charles Kingsley.

description. Kingsley's sensuous side found an infinite satisfaction in contemplation of the lusciousness of the tropics; no one who did not a little envy the earthly paradise in which Amyas finds Ebsworthy and Parracombe could have described it so well.

"For what a nest it was which they had found! The air was heavy with the scent of flowers, and quivering with the murmur of the stream, the humming of the colibris and insects, the cheerful song of birds, the gentle cooing of a hundred doves; while now and then, from far away, the musical wail of the sloth, or the deep toll of the bell-bird, came softly to the ear. What was not there which eye or ear could need? And what which palate could need either? For on the rock above, some strange tree, leaning forward, dropped every now and then a luscious apple upon the grass below, and huge plantains bent beneath their load of fruit. . . .

"What a dead silence! He looked up and round; the birds had ceased to chirp; the parroquets were hiding behind the leaves; the monkeys were clustered motionless upon the highest twigs; only out of the far depths of the forest, the campanero gave its solemn toll, once, twice, thrice, like a great death-knell, rolling down from far cathedral towers."

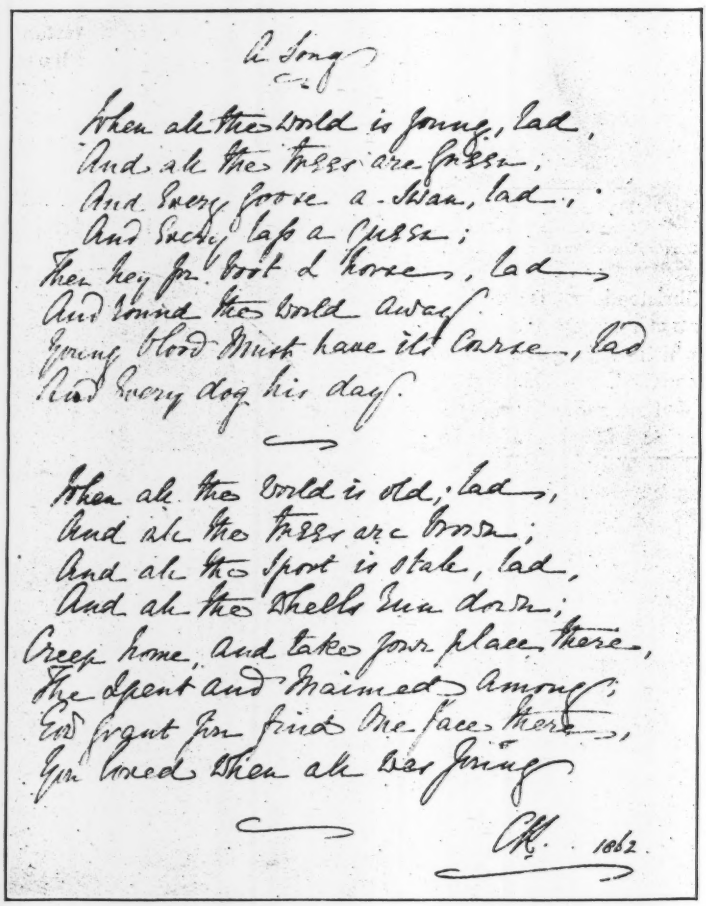
As lovers of the book will remember, the silence is broken in untoward fashion. Kingsley suddenly remembers his clerical collar and his gospel of muscular religion, and a jaguar—*diabolus ex machina*—breaks up the American Eden. As a contrast one might put the description of the Fen district which opens "Hereward the Wake":

"They have a beauty of their own, these great fens, even now, when they are dyked and drained, tilled and fenced—a beauty as of the sea, of boundless expanse and freedom. Much more had they that beauty eight hundred years ago, when they were still, for the most part, as God had made them, or rather was making them even then. The low rolling uplands were clothed in primæval forest; oak and ash, beech and elm, with here and there, perhaps, a group of ancient pines, ragged and decayed, and fast dying out in England even then; though lingering still in the forests of the Scotch highlands. Between the forests were open wolds, dotted with white sheep and golden gorse; rolling plains of rich though ragged turf, whether cleaved by the hand of man or by the wild fires which often swept over the hills. And between the wood and the wold stood many a Danish 'town,' with its clusters of low, straggling buildings round the holder's house, of stone or mud below, and of wood above; its high dykes round tiny fields; its flocks of sheep ranging on the wold; its herds of swine in the forest; and below, a more precious possession still—its herds of mares and colts, which fed with the cattle and the geese in the rich grass-fen."

This description has in common with that of the tropical world a genuine respect for its material. It is written to give facts about place, not to suggest impressions about a mood: it is picturesque, not decorative merely, more anxious for knowledge than feeling—and none of these prevent it from being at least as full of atmosphere as the more subjective accounts of modern landscape impressionists.

IV.

"If they want to describe a finished young gentleman in France, they say of him, 'Il sait son Rabelais.' But if I want to describe one in England, I say, 'He knows his Bewick.' And I think that is the higher compliment."


A Song

When all the World is young, lad,
And all the Trees are green,
And every Goose a Swan, lad,
And every Lass a Queen;
Then hey for Boot & Horse, lad,
And round the World away!
Young Blood must have its Course, lad
And every dog his day.

When all the World is old, lad,
And all the Trees are bare;
And all the Sport is stale, lad,
And all the Ways grown dark;
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all were young.

C. K. 1862.

Facsimile of song from "The Water-Babies."

MS. in the collection of the Duke of Argyll.

Photo by F. M. Good.

Eversley Rectory and Church.

Kingsley in garden.

So Sir John, as quoted by Kingsley in "The Water-Babies." Never surely did the great line of Gargantua have a more unexpected scion than this enchanting, whimsical, good-humoured book for all children. If "Westward Ho!" remains Kingsley's best novel, "The Water-Babies" is his best book. As boy and man I prefer it to Lewis Carroll's two masterpieces; and beside them, where else can we find a rival to it? It has wit and wisdom, and it is starred with the most magical windows into the fairyland of poetry. I would give it to an imaginative child to be read along with Andersen, and the English Ballads, and those great poems—like the "Ancient Mariner"—whose beauty can be apprehended before their exact meaning can be caught. Not only is the spirit of the story extraordinarily sweet and true, somehow that in it which is transient, such as Kingsley's own admiration for the English squire with his ruddy face, and a hand like a board, is transmuted into a rare kind of beauty. Grimes and the old dame of Vendale, and Lady Harthover, all catch the magic of fairyland, all are pixy-led into a poetry which makes them real, and shine with authentic splendour. The life in the water, told with the gravity of wise seriousness, is less fantastic than the life, say, in a novel by Gissing or Zola. With children to write for and a child to write about, Kingsley sheds his prejudices, except for a few prickles that even a child might keep. And any preaching there is in the book is of the plain, direct, gnomic kind which is natural to childhood. No one can mind the hits here at the Pope and the popular Press—the gaiety of their form prevents even the dullest from taking them as anything but jokes, the whimsies of a simple man. Never since Rabelais has there been a jollier book than "The Water-Babies." Who does not love the great praise of Backstairs? And would not Rabelais himself have been proud to write the list of prescriptions given to Professor Ptthmllnsprts, after Tom had bitten him? The third treatment has some of the best gems in it.

Charles Kingsley.

Taken on the Rectory lawn.

Borage.
Cauteries.
Boring a hole in his head to let out fumes, which (says Gordonius) "will, without doubt, do much good." But it didn't.
Bezoar stone.
Diamargaritum.
A ram's brain boiled in spice.
Oil of wormwood.
Water of Nile.
Capers.
Good wine (but there was none to be got).
The water of a smith's forge.
Hops.
Ambergris.

Those who would see the rest should turn again to that glorious fourth chapter. In "The Water-Babies," too, will be found what is perhaps Kingsley's best poem. It has not the high imagination of the great poet. His emotions were too easily roused, and his sentiment is too apt to outrun his emotion; but there is in his verse a certain tenderness, and that wistfulness of the morally robust, which you find in Longfellow. Not subtle at all.

and simple in mind and character rather than in soul, and a little ready to believe that over the entrance to the Holy of Holies is written "Mens sana in corpore sano . . ." all these may be admitted of Kingsley the poet as of Kingsley the man; but narrow in its range though it be, the song of the dame at Vendale has a quick and tearful beauty:

"When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

"When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young."

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1919.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best motto in prose or verse (original or selected) for people who are concerned with the housing problem.

(The Prize of Three New Books will be offered next month for the best expression in eight lines of original verse of a dog's opinion of muzzling or of those who muzzle him.)

Photo by F. M. Good.

Charles Kingsley and his Wife outside his study, at Eversley.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Lucy Malleson, of 25, Auriol Road, W.14, for the following:

THE DREAMER.

For all the weary and forlorn,
For all the souls that suffer wrong,
God weaves His mystic dreams of Truth,
Of Laughter and Eternal Youth,
Of Love, of Beauty and of Song,
Of Hope renewed and Faith reborn,

Of Dawn and Dewfall and the Dark,
The magic of the first wild rose,
The murmurous hum of sleepy bees,
Sipping the sweets of woodland leas,
The fragrance of the hawthorn snows,
The lyric rapture of the Lark,

The tender kiss of summer rain,
The sunshine's amorous caress
Of fairy-haunted woods, the gleam
Of starshine in the tumbling stream,
And all the hope and happiness
Of poppies in the ripening grain.

He hides His dreams in sunkissed hills,
In muskrose buds, all dew-bepearled,
White daisies on a sunlit lawn,
The rainbow glory of the dawn
Kissing awake a sleeping world,
And golden hearts of daffodils.

So, smiling from the Central Heights,
God weaves His dreams from age to age,
And all who seek shall surely find,
And leaving sin and grief behind,
Shall enter on their heritage,
A land of Infinite Delight.

There shall they draw their quiet breath,
Laugh in the sunshine after rain,
There withered hopes shall bud anew,
And half-forgotten dreams come true,
And Peace shall blossom out of Pain,
And Life shall blossom out of Death.

We also select for printing:

NANCY'S HEAVEN.

The children's pews, in '83,
Ran underneath the gallery;
There one small restless girl
Forgot to fidget as they told
The story of the streets of gold
And gates of gleaming pearl.

Through latticed panes the sunbeams glanced,
On polished wood and gilding danced,
Then loitered, sunbeam-wise,
Among the braided tresses neat
Of Nancy's teacher, angel-sweet
In Nan's adoring eyes.

The after years have taken toll
Of Nan's imaginative soul,
Yet to her inner view,
The Holy City, built foursquare,
Is just that homely house of prayer
Seen from the children's pew.

(Eileen Carfrae, 110B, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.2.)

THE LONG ABSENCE.

Now she is gone, the splendour of the sun
Is dimmed, and in this garden lit with flowers
That love's own eyes have kissed—O there is none
That does not droop nor count the listless hours
Till her return—even as I have done.

Now she is gone, the roving brigand breeze
That strayed into her hair and lightly plundered
The fine, rare gold of it—sighs through the trees
And wonders, drearily, what fate has sundered
Lover from lover—even as I have wondered.

Now she is gone, the fading earth, the whirr
Of dusk-soft wings, the stars that leap and leap
Above her garden, with fresh news of her—
All speak of love's long absence, while I keep
Tryst with the houris that haunt the lavender.

(Cyril G. Taylor, Farr Hall, Heswall, Cheshire.)

We also select for special commendation the lyrics sent by D. Larkin (Newhaven), Alice Doris Moorhouse (Birmingham), G. Laurence Groom (Palmer's Green), Reginald Gray (Darlington), Percival Hale Coke (Harrogate), Eric Antony (Wandsworth), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), Eileen Newton (Whitby), Elsie A. Gillow (Montreal), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), Ivan Adair (Dublin), A. M. Christie (London, N.W.), Audrey Haggard (South Kensington), Beatrice Skilton (Forest Gate),

Henry Kingsley (1830-1876).
Author of "Geoffrey Hamlyn," and other novels. Charles Kingsley's younger brother.
From a drawing by William S. Hunt in the N.P.G.

K. (Catford), Lillian Chapman (Chelsea), Margaret Bardwell (Kingston-on-Thames), Mary C. Mair (Guildford), Daisy A. Green (Gargrave), "Shamrock" (Taunton), William H. Forster (Canonbury), Leslie John Richards (Jarrow-on-Tyne), E. Limebeer (London, S.W.), M. A. (West Dulwich), M. E. Morris (Torquay), Lieutenant Garnett Weston (Southampton), Una Malleson (London, W.), Leslie Comber (B.E.F., Belgium), Hylda M. Wearn (Lindfield), A. Kennedy (London, N.W.), M. B. (Calne), Kathleen Walton (Marlow), E. (London), Doris Westwood (Sutton Coldfield), Margaret Ormiston (London, S.W.), Hilda Elliott (Grimsargh), Laurence Tarr (B.E.F., France), H. S. (Hove), Norman J. Bickle (Plymton St. Mary), H. F. Rex (Berrynarbor), Davina Waterson (Forest Hill), F. J. Bossy (Clapton Common), Harold S. Darby (Cardiff), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), R. Scott Frayn (Skipton), Alec G. Churcher (South Hampstead), J. W. (London, W.C.), Kathleen E. Douglas (Salisbury), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), M. Miller (Bournemouth), Wilfred W. Kershaw (Southport), A. G. St. Fillian (Edinburgh), A. Percival Needler (Hull), Barbara E. Todd (Doncaster), Nancy Pollock (Glasgow), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Netta Pollock (Glasgow), Charles J. Kirk (Darlington), Florence Dunford (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Arthur R. Groves (London, W.C.), Miss G. E. M. Skipwith (Doncaster), H. P. Kingston (Willenhall), Irene Leese (Leamington Spa), Dora Bowman (Ilkley), Harold Matthews (Worcester), Doreen M. Dillon (Lee, S.E.), W. V. J. Kitley (Alvaston), Henry Baxter (East Finchley), Lieutenant E. L. H. Jansz (Colombo), "Penruff" (Ealing), Agnes L. Hillman (Stevenage), P. A. Howard (Kingston Hill), R. A. Finn (Surbiton), Emily Lewis (Mansfield), Kate Hallam (Liverpool), D. M. D. (Lee, S.E.), Laura Lees (Hessle), Ernest F. Seymour (Hampstead), Gertrude A. Clark (Ipswich), Ethel Gath (Bristol), H. T. T. (Middlesbrough), Robert Cogger (Dartford), Eleanor Preston (Bedford), Violet B. Gunn (Bishop's Stortford), Sheena Macfarlane (Douglas, Lanarkshire), Augusta Callender (Canterbury), Irene E. Osborne (Honor Oak), E. MacBean

(Bristol), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Evelina Ida San Garde (Accrington), Evelyn Banbury (Exeter), "Violette" (Leeds), Miss D. H. Southgate (Maidenhead), C. Burton (Upper Norwood), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Charles Kent (York), Miss H. G. Holland (Wimbledon), F. Kathleen Fellows (Birmingham), Anna Walker (Sleights), C. C. M. Wayland (Leytonstone), Lieutenant R. P. Connell, R.N.V.R. (Portslade), J. Smith (Batley), H. George Grist (Gloucester), Irene Arlingham Davies (Crickhowell), Sidney Robert Saunders (Birmingham), Miss L. K. Taylor (Leeds), E. G. Russell Gregg (Bridgwater), Vere Shepstone (Kensington), W. Curran Reedy (Forest Gate), Signaller W. C. Pocock (Dublin), Private W. T. Brocklebank (Manchester), Walter Maxfield (Wimbledon).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miriam A. Roach, of 4, Gascoyne Place, Plymouth, for the following:

DILLY AND DALLY. By "POY" AND W. MCCARTNEY. (Thornton Butterworth.)

"Did nothing in particular,
And did it very well."

SIR W. S. GILBERT, *Iolanthe.*

We also select for printing:

THE CURIOUS FRIENDS. By C. J. DELAGREVE. (Allen & Unwin.)

"Such friends, as the Beaver and Butcher became,
Have seldom if ever been known."

LEWIS CARROLL, *The Hunting of the Snark, Fit v., Ver.* 28.

(M. Nora Lilley, Waterloo Gates, 86, New Walk, Leicester.)

Charles Kingsley.

Bust by Woolner in Westminster Abbey.

WITHIN THE RIM. By HENRY JAMES. (Collins.)

"Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl."

Nursery Rhyme.

(R. A. Finn, The Sundial, Surbiton.)

THE GREAT PORTRAIT MYSTERY. By R. AUSTIN FREEMAN. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"For I really do not see
How so young a girl could be
The mother of a man of five and twenty."

W. S. GILBERT, *Iolanthe.*

(Captain A. H. B. Papillon, R.E., 2nd Q.V.O. S. & M., Bangalore, India.)

THE GUEST. By GEORGE COLMORE. (Fisher Unwin.)

"He had forty-two boxes all carefully packed."

LEWIS CARROLL, *The Hunting of the Snark.*

(Miss Blackett, 9, Florence Terrace, Falmouth.)

THE LURE OF LOVE. By WM. LE QUEUX. (Ward, Lock.)

"The dish ran away with the spoon."

Nursery Rhyme.

(Sidney S. Wright, 12, Swanley Lane, Swanley, Kent.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best parable dealing with objections to the League of Nations is awarded to M. McDonnell, of 12, Robert Street, Lancaster, for the following:

The League of Nations is like unto a man who made a feast for his friends and, when the friends were sat down, each looked for his favourite dish and found it not. Then every guest, murmuring because his taste had not been considered, took from his wallet a home-made pie and munched it before the rest. Then saith the Host: "Friends, what aileth the feast?" But one answering said: "The beef is much too ruddy," and another: "I like not macaroni"; and another: "Is not the very table-cloth woven from the cotton of the land of Columbus?"—and each according to his tribe. And rising up they embraced one another before retiring, and how great was every man's surprise to feel a coat of mail beneath the festive robe of his neighbour—and that seemed stronger than his own. Then the slaves and the vanquished who had not been invited came and ate the supper and said scornfully: "Neither would we touch the meal had we been less hungry"; for many are bowed but few are broken. And in the Netherlands there was laughing and gnashing of teeth.

This competition has proved rather more difficult than usual, and the results are rather disappointing. Of the other replies received, we select for honourable mention the six by H. C. Smethurst (Gillingham), J. Jackson (Beverley), Sergeant V. E. Hamson (Bushey), D. B. W. (Edinburgh), T. Evans (Cardiff), Edward Robertson (Penge).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Richard Clough, of 19, Holbeck Hill, Scarborough, for the following:

SET DOWN IN MALICE. By GERALD CUMBERLAND. (Richards.)

This curious mixture of impertinence and wit is well worth reading, not only for the sake of its interesting disclosures and anecdotes, but also to learn to what heights of indiscretion an author may attain. Apparently Mr. Cumberland has kept a life-long black-book, and has taken this opportunity for venting some of his dislikes and antipathies. He praises a small percentage of his acquaintances; concerning the rest he makes some rather cruel remarks. It is well written, sometimes most amusing, yet the reader cannot but sense a thread of tactlessness and bad taste running through the book.

XUM

We also select for printing:

SYLVIA AND MICHAEL. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. (Martin Secker.)

Sylvia Scarlett must, to say the least of it, have been a very tired Sylvia by the time she met Michael again, and decided to marry him. We follow her, rather breathlessly, from one lurid adventure to another. Sometimes our sober judgment tells us it is impossible for one human being to live so many lives; but the magic of Mr. Compton Mackenzie's pen, as ever, cajoles us into believing that all that he tells us is possible, and we are left with wonder and sincere admiration for his vivid, brilliant word painting.

(J. M. Field, 15, Trebovir Road, Earl's Court, S.W.5.)

THE HARDEST PART.

By G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY, M.C. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

After reading a book of this type, one cannot help feeling that religion is a much bigger thing than most people imagine. This book is really an autobiography of a soul passing through the fierce flames of war, and amid the horrors of the battle-field the writer seeks to express his convictions on religion. The one supreme idea running through the book like a silver thread is, that God is suffering in all the agonies of the human race, and that He has the hardest part to play. There are many fine touches which illuminate the mind of the reader.

(Robert C. Bodker, 68, Barcombe Avenue, Streatham Hill, London, S.W.2.)

THE JERVAISE COMEDY. By J. D. BERESFORD. (Collins.)

This clever study of the happenings of twenty-four hours, though less obviously serious than Mr. Beresford's usual work, is a triumph of delicate and artistic construction. Event follows on event, character appears after character, giving the book a curious resemblance to a well-staged play in which there are no annoying intervals and no hints of hesitation on the part of the actors. But there any stage comparison ends, for the book contains some of the most exquisite nature pictures imaginable and convincingly real people. Of the family at the Home Farm no member will quickly fade from the memory.

(Isabelle Griffin, Enville Cottage, Bradmore, Wolverhampton.)

A CORNISH CHORUS. By BERNARD MOORE. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

The Delectable Duchy provides the glamour, Bernard Moore is the Wizard, and in these charming verses he has caught the very spirit of the magical West. The quaint towns, dear old twisty streets and the kindly Cornish folk are pictured with a sure touch, and the quiet humour and homely pathos form a dish, desirable as Cornish cream itself. "Hush, my Hansum," a lovely lullaby, "A Cornish Courtin'," delightfully idyllic, and "The Cut o' the Jib," a characteristic specimen of West Country humour, are unforgettable. The whole book is redolent with the freshness and freedom of the Cornish seas.

(J. Richard Ellaway, Lynmoor, Basingstoke.)

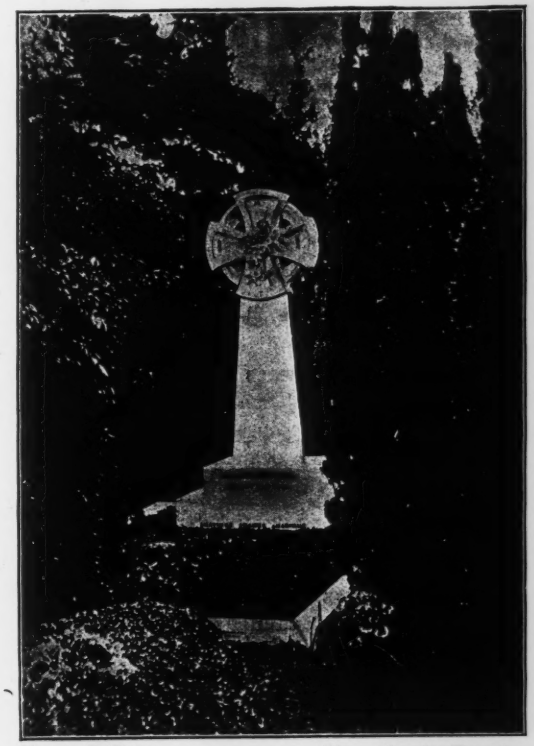


Photo by F. Foster. **Kingsley's Tomb, Eversley.**

We specially commend the reviews sent by W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Annie Himes (London, W.), Ethel Mulvany (Dublin), Sidney S. Wright (Swanley), M. B. (Stowmarket), Frederick R. P. Sumner; Hedley V. Storey (London, N.W.), Guinevere Roughsedge (St. Margarets-on-Thames), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Annie P. Pearson (Halifax), W. Curran Reedy (Forest Gate), Miss J. Sturges (Clevedon), Grace G. Webb (Southam), Ethel Webster (Bristol), Frederick Willmer (Ramsey, I.O.M.), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham), David Morrison (London, W.), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Miss M. J. Dobie (Mouldsworth), R. A. Finn (Surbiton).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to B. Noel Saxelby, of 43, Claude Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

JUDITH.*

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

IN approaching the story of Judith and Holofernes Mr. Arnold Bennett has apparently sought inspiration in those "Books of Artemas" which have of late attained a certain popularity. He has, whether purposely or not, produced a parody or burlesque of what has hitherto been regarded as an intensely tragic theme.

He may probably reply that he aimed, not at burlesque, but at realism. "The purple pall of tragedy," he may say, "is a mere convention. Every age has been, in its own eyes, as commonplace as ours. Œdipus and Agamemnon did not speak in iambic trimeters, nor Coriolanus and Mark Antony in blank verse. The cothurnus belongs to the historical museum, not to living art. The art which seeks impressiveness in representing people as we know they were not is an art I despise. Judith and Holofernes were, in their day, quite as

* "Judith: a Play in Three Acts, founded upon the Apocryphal Book of 'Judith.'" By Arnold Bennett. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

ordinary people as Hilda Lessways and Edwin Clayhanger, and as such I propose to portray them. As no man is a hero to his valet, we may be sure that Judith was not a heroine to her waiting-woman: wherefore I will make Haggith burlesque her mistress's action, and cheerfully ensnare a lout of an Assyrian. Also it is absurd to represent that a pretty woman in the days of Nebuchadnezzar would doom herself to perpetual widowhood merely because she had chopped off a man's head. Therefore, my Judith shall have a happy ending, and marry, as she naturally would, the other sympathetic personage of the story, Achior to wit. Mr. Charles Ricketts shall do what he likes in the way of dressing and undressing my characters: for we know that people in those days did get themselves up queerly. But, under their fantastic trappings, they shall just be the ordinary men and women of modern realistic art."

The answer to such reasoning would seem to be that the author who has not sufficient imagination to kindle the imagination of his audience had better leave historic and legendary drama alone. It is not a question of representing people as they actually were twenty-five centuries ago. That we cannot do; and if we did, by chance, produce a true picture, it would be of no avail, for we should have no criterion whereby to test its truth. Our aim must be, not to make an audience believe that such-and-such things were actually said and done, but to awaken in them the will to make-believe, the provisional credulity which is the condition of interest in all serious art. To achieve complete success, the poet must beget in his hearers a mood of enthusiastic acquiescence in his postulates, for the sake of the nobility and beauty he extracts from them; whereas Mr. Bennett's method begets continuous and sometimes irritated protest. We do not believe that Cleopatra actually said:

"Show me, my women, like a queen; go fetch
My best attires; I am again for Cydnus
To meet Mark Antony. Sirrah Iras, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed,
And when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday."

It is highly improbable that she spoke or even felt thus; but by imagining that she did, Shakespeare has gloriously enriched the imagination of the world. When Mr. Bennett, on the other hand, makes the heroine of Bethulia play the courtesan with such forthcoming gusto as ought to have awakened the suspicions even of his numskull Holofernes, we feel that a situation of a certain barbaric grandeur is being degraded, and our imagination, in so far, sullied and impoverished.

The truth is, however, that the theme is one which it might have baffled Shakespeare himself to treat acceptably. A woman offering herself to brutal lust in order to compass treacherous murder is not one of those things which ought to be *oculis subjecta fidelibus*. The story, in the Apocryphal text, is treated with remarkable skill and restraint. We feel that the sheer dignity of Judith casts a spell over her victim; and then the ultimate scene of prostitution is evaded by the rather thin device of making Holofernes prematurely and helplessly intoxicate himself. The German poet, Friedrich Hebbel, scorned this subterfuge. His play is intolerably crude and wordy; but he applies a vigorous Marlowesque imagination to the theme. He makes Holofernes a really imposing megalomaniac, who defies, in sheer woman-taming bravado, Judith's undissembled hatred. Her sacrifice, according to Hebbel, is actually consummated; yet she never makes herself cheap as does Mr. Bennett's heroine. In spite of his devastating over-emphasis, Hebbel's conception has a certain greatness. It does not occur to him to make the starving Bethulians welcome Judith's return with a ballet.

Mr. Bennett of course did wisely in not attempting blank verse, which only the rarest genius can make an effective medium for drama. But it is quite possible to treat such a theme in prose which steers a middle course between Wardour-Street archaism and slangy modernity. Mr. Bennett, as a matter of fact, adopts a quasi-scriptural style, but without any serious attempt at dignity or distinction. He so constantly writes with his tongue in his cheek, that even when he essays to be impressive he produces an effect of burlesque. He enriches his biblical vocabulary with such flowers of speech as "She lay on her bed cracked," "Why is there no water in Bethulia, sprig?" "Hold thy mouth, gaby," and "I like not the aspect of his phiz." Following Mr. Shaw's example in "Cæsar and Cleopatra," he introduces topical allusions, and loses no opportunity of "guying" his theme. But Mr. Shaw is a law unto himself, and a disastrous model for others. Mr. Bennett is a man of such versatile talent, that one cannot but think he might have done something much better than this, had he not been misled by a mistaken theory.

New Books.

CONTRASTS IN POETRY.*

The poetry of Mr. John Freeman reminds me of the work of those painters who, because natural objects are not enclosed in visible outline, have banished outline from their pictures, depending, for the creation of form, on differentiation between the various intensities of light. Their argument is a legitimate one, as far as it goes, and they have justified it by their achievement; but the fact remains that there are contrasts in the visible world—between objects near and far, between light objects and dark—which can only be conveyed on to the flat surface of canvas or millboard by means of definite drawing: the outline is a necessary conventional equivalent of such contrasts. Consequently the luminarists, at war with that particular convention, are prone to stay at home when light and shade are too defiantly at war, and only to paint when the edges of things are bathed in tempered sunshine or obscured but not hidden by shadow. The result, in skilled hands, is art of great delicacy and suggestiveness;

* "Memories of Childhood, and Other Poems." By John Freeman. 5s. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)—"Spirits in Bondage." By Clive Hamilton. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)—"Symphonies." (Second Series.) By E. H. W. Meyerstein. 3s. net. (Blackwell.)

From a drawing by William S. Hunt in the National Portrait Gallery.

Charles Kingsley.

but it is not the only possible form of art, it is limited by its own particular convention, and, since any limitation at times becomes irksome, at times one turns with relief from Monet to Canaletto.

Mr. Freeman's poetry is as delicate and suggestive as a painting by Monet: bathed in atmosphere, fragrant, luminous as sunlit running water. In it the spirit of place is captured and yet remains free as air, fugitive memories made fast for ever without losing their fleeting quality. Mr. Freeman has the temperament of an impressionist; his way of writing is no deliberate assumption of a method. At a time when to pose is to become famous, no poet is more utterly honest. Nevertheless, there are certain things in his method which are obvious elements in the effect which expresses his temperament. A deliberate vagueness of rhythm, an occasional looseness of rhyme, the avoidance of anything sudden or anything that sings too easily. There is a stanza in his poem "The Winds" which seems to be as accurate a statement as is in the circumstances necessary—both of his aspiration and of his achievement:

> "—If I could rise up in a cloud
> And look down on the new earth in flight,
> Shadow-like cast my thought's thin shroud
> Back upon these fields of light;
> And hear the winds of day and night
> Meet, singing loud!"

Nowhere is there solidity; and at times the mind craves for solidity.

It will find it in the work of Mr. Clive Hamilton, a new writer, but one already of remarkable accomplishment. There is nothing indefinite here. Mr. Hamilton is as positive as Pope. From his forty short poems one can reconstruct his cosmogony. There is, it seems, somewhere "far too far off for thought or any prayer," a god who created the world but subsequently lost interest in it; nearer and more active is a lesser god, who is also Satan, and is responsible, among other unpleasantness, for the war; then there is the world of men, who suffer from and are degraded by this second god's irresponsible iniquities; lastly, there is the world of fairies, whither, if one is as fortunate as Mr. Hamilton, one may escape for beauty and peace; like Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Mr. Hamilton is a friend if Despoinas, and he has seen Angus. And with all these orders of being he deals competently. One might search his book for an accent out of place or a false rhyme; I do not think one's search would be rewarded. He writes so well that he does not fear to challenge comparison with his greatest predecessors. (He has even the hardihood to collocate the adjectives "old" and "unhappy.") Confidently he claims a place in the great tradition, and I think he makes his claim good. For there is beauty and dignity, a fine bitterness and a fine courage, in his work, and good craftsmanship is one of the major virtues of poetry.

Nevertheless one returns to Mr. Freeman with a sense of ascension. There is that in his poetry which is not in Mr. Hamilton's. It is not only that, degenerate creatures as we are, we find the appetiser of suggestion more stimulating than the food of statement. It is the feeling that Mr. Freeman's suggestions are particularly well worth following. They obviously come from a fine mind, an ardent and infinitely sensitive spirit. We might have thought Mr. Hamilton's thoughts for ourselves though we could not have expressed them so well. Mr. Freeman, it is evident, has much to tell us that only he knows.

As for Mr. Meyerstein, his verses have the combination of qualities that belong to the fragments of glass in a kaleidoscope, their sharp solidity, their glitter and their mobility. He arranges them in accordance with the movements of the symphony, and their variations of temper and rhythm do, I suppose, roughly correspond with that arrangement. But they also suggest other terms of description appropriated to music, such as humoresque or caprice. Mr. Meyerstein is very modern, but in the breathless vivacity with which he pours himself out he reminds me of no one so much as old Skelton.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

NOVELS OF EDUCATION.*

Education is beginning to creep increasingly into fiction. Really, it crept in long ago in the guise of "Sandford and Merton" by John Day, out of whose philosophical and matrimonial adventures a very amusing book could be made. There were undoubtedly educational romances before "Sandford and Merton," and even before Rousseau; but we need not pursue a painful subject too far.

The difference between the older educational stories and the modern seems to be that the former were written to express certainties and the latter to express doubts. "There lives more doubt in honest faith, believe me, than in half the creeds." Tennyson didn't write that exactly; but it is a pity he didn't. Just at present the sacred topic most subject to doubt is the Public School, i.e. the most exclusive and expensive sort of educational establishment, which, limiting itself to the smallest section of the population and cutting itself off intentionally from all the rest, is naturally (in England) called "public." Nothing enrages the public schools so much as a suggestion that the public has anything to do with them. A public school shares part of its title with another characteristic institution. We take a shop, sternly limit the number of competitors, fix very restricted hours of trade, divide the premises into little rooms and sections, forbid (by law) any children and (by custom) any respectable women to enter it, and having made it in all respects as furtively private as possible, we call it a public-house. Perhaps all is not well with a people that prefers to call things by the wrong names.

The public schools, we are told by headmasters, in what passes for their genial moments, have made England (and Ireland) what they are; and therefore many people have been impelled to remark that it is high time the other schools began to make England (and Ireland) what they aren't. There appears to be some field for this activity. And of course the public schools won the war. Our diplomatists and leading statesmen, the efficient and highly trained officials of our War Office and Foreign Office are all public-school men. The public schools of England produce the finest type of men to be found in this or any other universe. We know this is true, because the public-school men are always telling us so themselves.

And yet—some one is dissatisfied, or there would not be that steady flow of books that seem to be novels and prove to be indictments. Mr. Alec Waugh has specially caught the public fancy with his remarkable "Loom of Youth," but there have been other novelist-critics. Mr. Wells doesn't count, because he is a common science-person who was never at a public school. Not the least good is Mr. Frederick Watson (with unimpeachable antecedents), whose "Humphries Touch" is serious as criticism though very funny as a humorous story. Mr. Arnold Lunn, well known as a writer on Alpine topics, especially on ski-ing, that admirable sport which is nearly as delightful to mere beginners as to Roberts-Cup champions, continues in "Loose Ends" the line he struck out in "The Harrovians." This time we have, not Harrow, but Hornborough (a disguise that may mean anything or nothing), the speciality of which is Blues. Hornborough produced two remarkable cricketing families; its head and senior masters are all cricket or footer Blues; and its definite purpose is to manufacture as many more Blues as possible. So, when a new master arrives to take English, and, in defiance of all sacred tradition, actually inspires his literature sets with enthusiasm for modern prose, poetry, and subjects of the day, he is resented by the "beaks" as a dangerous innovator, and, after a deliberate attempt on the part of the honourable Blue headmaster to fasten a nasty suspicion upon him, he has to go. Quirk, or Don Q, as he is called, is an interesting and not very exaggerated figure, and is, as far as I know, the first English master to play a favoured part in a public-school story. The description of his predecessor's lessons in Shakespeare is delightful as an exposure,

* "Loose Ends." By Arnold Lunn. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.)—"The Pagan." By Charles Inge. 8s. net. (Methuen.)

and the account of Quirk's own teaching very valuable as an example. Teachers of English should certainly not miss this demonstration of what might be done in literature with senior pupils. A holiday tour through Switzerland to the Italian lakes gives occasion for some descriptive pages that are among the best of their kind. Mr. Lunn is always excellent in this kind of writing—so difficult to do really well—and his Monte Generoso pages deserve a place in any anthology of descriptive prose. Of story there is no more and no less than is usual in books of this kind. Mr. Lunn is an excellent writer and a sound critic; but I think he is not a heaven-born novelist.

Mr. Charles Inge, on the other hand, is "it." Whatever else he may not be, he is essentially a novelist. Education (with a difference) figures largely in "The Pagan," but as an incident, not as a thesis. Mr. Inge is concerned first of all with his characters, three of whom happen to be teachers. John Witherson is "a war casualty"—his mind is affected by a belief that the Germans succeeded through ruthlessness and that we must overcome them only by superior ruthlessness—a terrible, austere, almost sacred ferocity. He abandons his successful private school with its old traditions, and joins with two other partners (most admirably drawn figures) in running an academy for young super-men, from whose natures the handicap of sentiment is to be drastically eliminated. Further—the central tragedy of the story—he struggles with his wife for the possession of their little boy's soul. Woolly lambs and Teddie Bears are banished, and replaced by animals of strength and ferocity; and the child's nursery literature is purged of softness and stiffened with blood and iron. The climax comes when Witherson suddenly discovers Fflume, one of the Nietzschean partners, in the act of translating the Witherson theories into practice, with a girl of the Witherson family as his subject, and deals him a furiously traditional and sentimental blow that sends him over the high stairway and leaves him dead on the floor below. No attempt is made to end the story, which simply leaves off at a natural pause. I hope Mr. Inge will not be tempted to write a sequel. A strong, sincere book, with a firm grasp of character, development and incident. Mr. Inge is a man to be noted and watched.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

MODERN AND ANCIENT DRAGONS.*

One is reminded, in perusing Professor Elliot Smith's "The Evolution of the Dragon," of the classical legend of the Minotaur. Like Theseus, he successfully explores a labryinth and his thread is one of acute logical reasoning. In the end he not only overcomes but dissects a monster, the dragon of ancient myth and romance. He also slays a dragon of modern anthropological thought; for, as a biologist of note and repute, he opposes, and shows good cause for so doing, the fashionable tendency to interpret ancient religious phenomena by means of "hazardous and mistaken analogies with biological evolution." This fact is of special significance, because these analogies constitute the very foundations, or, as some one has put it, the "hypothetical bridges" on which has been reared not a few imposing literary structures in history, sociology, and anthropology.

Professor Elliot Smith's method of dealing with the origin, growth and transmission of religious ideas makes strong appeal to the Oriental mind. Dwellers in the East are familiar with the process of "culture-mixing" which is still quite active, especially in India where the clash of Eastern and Western ideas has of late years fostered the growth of quite a variety of cults. An outstanding historical instance of the same process is afforded by Buddhism, which originated in India, spread from it in different directions and assumed, as a result of "culture-mixing," its various local phases in such countries as Burma, Tibet, China and Japan. In India itself the old Vedic religion developed into Brahmanic religion and then into Hinduism in its different forms, as an outcome of the fusion of the religious conceptions of the Aryans, Dravidians and other races. Professor Elliot Smith shows in this volume that in ancient Vedic religion there are traces of "culture-mixing" which took place in remote times in consequence of race migrations and contact along trade routes by land and sea. New inventions and new ideas, and especially religious ideas associated with definite habits of life, that had origin in certain areas, spread far and wide in ancient days just as they do in the present age.

To explain the existence of common myths and practices which are found to have obtained in several old civilisations, it has been customary lately to apply the theory that the mind of man develops the same ideas everywhere in orderly stages. Many trained and experienced scientists, however, hold that we know too little about the working of the human mind to accept such a theory as conclusive. Professor Elliot Smith goes to the heart of the problem by investigating the "long and complex history" of religious acts and conceptions which are regarded, by some, as having been produced by the workings of alleged natural laws. His book is a history of the ideas of the dragon in such ancient religions as those of Egypt and Babylonia, and in such modern religions as those of Hindu India and China in both of which the debris of antique formulæ and practices continue to survive. We follow

* "The Evolution of the Dragon." 10/6 net. By Elliot Smith. (Longmans.)

The grave of Captain Selous, D.S.O.

From "With the Nigerians in German East Africa," by Captain W. D. Downes, M.C., which Messrs. Methuen & Co. are publishing.

the flight of his dragon, and its gradual development into the Nagà god of India and the complex dragon of modern China, as if engrossed by a tale of old romance. It is a wonderful story and one which carries conviction. With the dragon went much else, as is shown in the chapters dealing with incense and libations, rain gods, and the birth of Aphrodite. The prototype of Aphrodite, it is clearly shown, was, as Sir Arthur Evans has suggested in dealing with the evidence afforded by Cretan finds, the ancient Egyptian love-goddess, Hathor, who was literally "born from sea-foam." It seems well for the science of anthropology that it has attracted the attention of so real a scientist as Professor Elliot Smith. He has a genius for probing into origins, an acute understanding of Oriental ideas and an inexhaustible store of knowledge. That this work will revolutionise the study of ancient religions and help to make anthropology a genuine science, there appears to be little doubt. It will assuredly make very special appeal to those who, in investigating the early history of mankind, prefer not to be hampered by preconceived theories that tend to stultify the work of research.

IKBAL ALI SHAH.

THE COMPLETE LONDONER.*

"He who is tired of London is tired of life," said Doctor Johnson a hundred and fifty years ago. "There are seven hundred square miles of London in which adventure is shyly lurking for those who will seek her out," begins the impetuous Mr. Burke in his new volume of sketches of London life.

"I discovered the magic and allure of crowds when I was fourteen years old and worked as office-boy in those filthy alleys marked in the Postal Directory as 'E.C.' I do not want the flowery mead or the tree-covered lane or the insect-ridden glade—at least, not for long; and I hate that dreadful hollow behind the little wood. Give me six o'clock in the evening and a walk from the City to Oxford Circus, through the soft spring or the darkling autumn, with festive feet whispering all around you, and your heart filled with that grey-green romance which is London."

If Doctor Johnson's contention is correct Mr. Burke is in no danger of finding life tedious, and a few pages of this book suffice rather to prove that he is very much alive in spite of the fact that he finds much to lament in war-time London, "no longer the intellectual centre, the political centre, or the social centre of the world, but a large city with a population of nondescript millions. England was frozen out: the Strand blocked by Australians and New Zealanders: Piccadilly Circus by Belgians and French, the Americans in possession of Belgravia."

Yet he manages to catch the war-time atmosphere of a few of the old haunts in a way that no other living writer has been enabled to; he can take us down to Dockland and Chinatown and make us really visualise the strange existence carried on in haunts that we have been mistakenly brought up to believe to be hot-beds of vice and crime: "The missionaries and the Defence of the Realm Act have together stripped them of all that furtive adventure that formerly held such lure for the Westerner." Yet even in these uneventful times Mr. Burke managed to secure a touch of the old-time colour in being the witness of a fight between two girls who employed the unusual method of tearing each other's faces and biting each other's uncovered breasts.

In spite of the heavy-eyed women and khaki-clad men who have invaded the sanctity of Soho, if you attend carefully and are lucky you may still catch in Old Compton Street a faint echo of its graces and picturesque melancholy. There is still Lolotte's coffee-bar where you may capture "for a fleeting space the will-o'-the-wisperie of other days: movement and festal colour; laughter and quick tears, and the wanton rose-winged graces," but the scent of adventure in Soho to-day is very faint. Few men furnish themselves with loaded revolvers before daring to penetrate the murky mysteries of Frith Street and Greek Street; but the days have gone when one always walked down these side streets with a lilt as to some carnival tune; their smell is no longer reminiscent of the smell of "those lovable little towns of the Midi"; their liqueurs no longer carry you "at the first sip to the green-hued Mediterranean." No more do we see in the cafés the cold-eyed anarchists and the petty bourgeois and artisans from the foreign warehouses of the locality.

Nevertheless, in spite of Mr. Burke's plain warning that the glory of Soho has gone, there are still some of us who wander up and down its streets like comfortless ghosts, hoping against hope that we shall, by some happy chance, hit upon some supreme Stevensonian adventure. There are many doors in the wall; surely one of them will open to us if we search long enough and romance will be ours again, romance like that which seems to dog Mr. Burke's footsteps equally in Monte Carlo and at the Chequer's Inn at end of that suburban tram-ride, the route of which he will not divulge.

In his chapter on "Vodka and Vagabonds" he introduces us to a set of characters as rare as they are refreshing. In these days when most of us are unemployed it is good to think that when all else fails we may succeed 'Orace as baby-minder, and talk baby gaff by the hour while father and mother take their drink amicably together; for this profession the essentials are to have a way with infants and nails, pearl-buttons, bits of coloured chalk, and a piece of putty in one's pocket. Or there is Syd's post to slip into, that of congratulator to newly-married couples as they emerge from the Registry; it has the advantage of leaving you master of your soul after 3 p.m. All that is necessary here is the gift of opening doors and of tactful speech. Diamond-cutting is not without its fascinating side. At its lowest it ensures the perfectly smooth cheek, for the filings that come from the stone mixed with the oil of the lathe make the finest lubricant for a razor-strop. Less easy is the work of the "Kid's Man," the children's champion, who frequently has to break father's head in order to ensure that the slum-children shall not have theirs broken. "If you still think England a Christian and enlightened country, you had better accompany an N.S.P.C.C. man on his daily round."

In "Crowded Hours" he draws a pitiable picture of the lives of those who cross London Bridge:

"To watch them for an hour is to suffer an attack of spiritual dyspepsia. For among them are men who have crossed that bridge twice daily for thirty years, walking always on the same side, always at the same pace, and arriving at the other end at precisely the same minute. There are men who began that daily journey with bright boyish faces, clean collars, and their first bowler hats, brave with the importance of working in the City. Their hearts were fired with dreams and ambition. They made the acquaintance of a girl in their suburban High Street. They married. And now, at forty-five, all ambition gone, they are working in the same murky corner of the same office, and maintaining wife and child on three pounds a week. Their trousers are frayed and bag at the knees. Their coats are without nap or grace. They have 'settled down' without being conscious of the fact, and will make that miserable journey, with other sombre and silent phantoms, until the end. Verily, the London Bridge crowd of respectables is the most tragic of all London crowds."

It would be hard to better that description for accuracy of fact or terseness of style.

Mr. Burke's touch is as true in these scattered papers as in his more ambitious "Limehouse Nights" and "Twinkletoes." He is a most careful craftsman, taking infinite pains to secure absolute artistic truth; his prose is that of a man to whom words are infinitely precious, to be used in their inevitably right sense or not at all. He never splashes his canvas with purple patches; his touches are all delicate, his anecdotes and sketches all deftly evolved and executed with consummate skill. Whether he is describing a game of baseball, or the turning out of an old drawer of pre-war relics, whether he is dissecting the soul of the Cockney on holiday or in the police-court or lamenting the decadence of the stage he succeeds in creating a magic atmosphere, in coining an unforgettable phrase and

* "Out and About." By Thomas Burke. 5s. (Allen & Unwin.)

XUM

THE DICTIONARY DISCOVERS A NEW WORD.

Great Lexicographer Helped by Authors and Men of Action.

A distinguished lexicographer has before him for analysis a new word, and so, with the industry characteristic of his profession, he is trying to find out exactly what it means.

The new edition of the world-famous dictionary he is editing is nearly ready for the press. He is considering for publication all sorts of words, which the last few years have made English, such as "camouflage," which a French dictionary describes as "a whift of smoke," but which the war has made to mean "a form of disguise."

"Stunt," too, is occupying his attention, and "joy-ride"; and "Blighty" and "napoo." And also he has spent some time in investigating the newest educative system in order to find out exactly how to describe the magic word

"PELMANISM."

How would you describe it? Several famous people were asked at random the other day, and this is what they said:

Mr. GILBERT FRANKAU,
the eminent novelist and poet—

"A system of thought education, much in vogue during the great war. Its inventors claim that their system enables the average mind to triumph over the things that matter."

Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS,
the well-known journalist and playwright, who enjoys the reputation of being Britain's most prolific writer—

"The name applied to a system of mind and memory training, which develops the mental faculties to the fullest capacity and enables those who follow it assiduously to obtain A1 efficiency as combatants in the battle of brains."

Mr. SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES, M.P.

"A cure for that tired feeling in the mind, teaching the flabby-minded and sloppy-thinking how to become alert and accurate, really to see what they look at, to hear what they listen to, to appreciate the value of that which is seen and heard and to make use of it. Pelmanism does not teach one how to look through a brick-wall, but it trains one to be able to know pretty well by analysis and imagination what must be going on on the other side."

Mr. N. PEMBERTON BILLING, M.P.

"Pelmanism—Cerebral Calisthenics."

Kipling once said something about the power of the Word—the live masterful word that walks about and causes things to be done.

There is one word which is doing this at the present moment. That word is Pelmanism. You meet it wherever you go. It is the topic of the hour.

One morning paper tells us about Pelmanism at breakfast-time. It takes up, in reading matter, more space than the Peace Conference. A second journal takes "The Progress of Pelmanism" as the subject of its leading article, and, on another page, at the foot of some topical notes, prints some verses telling all

". . . . . wise
Readers be sure and Pelmanise."

A leading review contains a correspondence on what Pelmanism is, and "One of them," the poem-novel in which Mr. Frankau has satirised the phases of the war, contains the lines:—

"Turned a bleared-eyed pauper to a swell man,
In six sharp weeks of concentrated Pelman."

THE WAY TO PROMOTION.

Then the post brings a soldier's letter from the Army of Occupation in Germany. "You will be glad to hear," it runs, "that I have just been promoted. I attribute this entirely to the Pelman Course you enrolled me for last Christmas. It's the best present I've ever had. Lots of our fellows are Pelmanising out here. It's the best cure for that 'fed-up feeling' we are all apt to get while waiting for the return to good old civies."

At the office there is a vacancy on the staff. On your desk is a pile of cuttings from the "small advertisements." A very ordinary lot seemingly—nothing to distinguish one from another. But what is this?

Young man. Just demobilised. Requires position as clerk. 23 years of age. Shorthand, Book-keeping. Pelmanised brain. Bright, energetic and trustworthy.

This is something different. A "Pelmanised brain." Just what is needed. You drop a line and ask him to call.

You lunch with a friend. "How do you remember all your orders?" your friend asks the smart and busy waitress. Back, with the inevitable smile, comes the inevitable answer: "Pelmanism, sir—just Pelmanism."

Over coffee you pick up the illustrated papers—*Punch* and two others. Each refers to Pelmanism. Two make it the subject of illustrations; one of an article.

DARLING'S LATEST.

Later, at the club, a barrister-friend strolls in. "Have you heard Darling's latest?" he asks, speaking of a Judge famous for his wit and his erudition. Then he tells the story of how the famous Judge, hearing evidence of "a highly-British compound which has made certain great men what they are," remarked: "I thought that was Pelmanism."

Nor is that the only phrase of the kind Mr. Justice Darling has used. "I believe there is a system by which you can become a General or an Admiral in a very short time," he said in another case. This time he left the word Pelmanism out; what he meant was too obvious.

AT THE PLAY.

A political friend joins the group. He is standing for Parliament, and hands round a copy of his election address. There is the word again. Among his many qualifications he states that "I am a Pelman student."

After an animated conversation on the subject of Pelmanism you leave the club and go to a theatre. You see Arnold Bennett's witty play, "The Title." The acting is excellent, the dialogue sparkling, and it is like meeting an old friend to hear:

Mr. Culver: "I believe I've found out your secret, Mrs. Culver—you're undergoing a course of Pelmanism with those sixty generals and forty admirals."

You remember, too, that on a previous night at the Palace revue, "Hullo, America!" Pelmanism was the subject of a skit in a topical sketch.

And so home, as Pepys would say, and, after the usual half-hour with the "Little Grey Books"—to bed.

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ringing the changes on our lighter and deeper emotions with ineffable charm and yet with a concrete preciseness of detail that is all too rare in modern English prose. Here, we feel, is the ideal combination of talents. So often the man who knows his subject is inarticulate, and the writer who has a genius for beauty in style has nothing to say: Mr. Burke is one of the favoured of the gods in that he both knows what he is talking about and has the soul of a poet in transmitting what he knows in almost perfect prose.

S. P. B. MAIS.

IRISH HEROINES.*

In these biographical sketches, Mrs. Concannon now reveals herself as a most painstaking, diligent, and loving collector of ana about her subjects. She has some of the most wonderful subjects in the world. The romance of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's mother, the Duchess of Leinster, and his aunts, Lady Sarah Napier and Lady Louisa Connelly, of the whole marvellous family indeed, is something that never fails nor fades. Indeed the romance came down to Mr. George Wyndham and his sisters, the Three Graces of Sargent's picture in our own day. Mrs. Concannon has gathered so much that is new to a true-blue Fitzgerald person like the present reviewer, that one must envy her alike her opportunities and her industry. She has known, too, how to select, and if it were only for the chapter on Lord Edward's mother, the book would be one to possess. But there are other ladies besides these high-born aristocratic ladies. There is poor Sarah Curran, of "She is far from the Land," whose lover was the stainless patriot and martyr, Robert Emmet. There is Emmet's mother. There is the mother of the Sheares; the mother of the Teelings, all of whom shared Lord Edward and Emmet's fate. There are the wives of the United Men; —the eternally fascinating, eternally enigmatic Pamela; there is the wife of Theobald Wolfe Tone, that most extraordinary man, as the Duke of Wellington called him; that great and high-hearted adventurer and soldier of fortune; the wives of Samuel Neilson and Thomas Adis Emmet; the sisters of Emmet, Tone, Lord Edward, the Sheares and other patriots. There is Anne Devlin, Emmet's faithful servant; and there are some of the obscure heroines who fought with the men of '98, shoulder to shoulder. Altogether the book is a most wonderful record of unselfish devotion to a cause, a country, a beloved person; and as such no one who desires to acquaint himself with the cause and sources of the Irish difficulty should fail to read it. It is of poignant and yet glorious interest to an Irish reader, whose heart must be fired, whatever her politics, by this record of the greatness of the heart of woman. Mrs. Concannon has much fitness for the art of the biographer, but why gird at our delightful Mrs. Delany?

KATHARINE TYNAN.

WE ARE SEVEN.

What is the life of poetry in the individual who likes it? It is not usually strong enough to dethrone the body; but at least it assists the "still small voice" in keeping the spirit from succumbing to the opiate of materialism. Though no folio of Laputa could be more worthless than dull verse, the thrills which run through one when the wheel of metre evokes flame from the place of its rotation are worth far more than the sensations of interest produced by ordinary news and fiction. It is to the credit of contemporary verse that several of the volumes before me have made me feel that I carried communicable magic.

Dr. Todhunter's volume,[1] inspired by the

> "Forlorn Land where sings no nightingale,
> Counting [her] woes on rosaries of tears,"

deserves the tribute of affectionate perusal and occasional quotation. He died in 1916, nearing his seventy-seventh birthday, at his home in Bedford Park, London, where he had lived for thirty-four years. But just as for Swinburne there was a "pavement of amber by the feet of the sea-winds trod" between rows of Putney villas and shops, so for Todhunter Ireland and legendary Ireland were wherever he happened to be. Mr. Rolleston's introduction to his book depicts to us a lovable man; the frontispiece shows us the typical old poet who has ceased to strive (if he ever strove) with hair. Todhunter was well fitted to be a bardic historian; witness his versification of the harrowing legend of Cuchullain's slaying of his own son, than which nothing in the Arthurian group of tales is more compact of interwoven glooms. Perhaps the most treasurable poem in Todhunter's book is "A Moment"—a brief lyric in a grave metre which conveys a girl's impression of the joy that seems to arise by a sudden realisation of the kindness of wind and grass and sky or of Nature's motherhood. For myself, disposed to get very close to interesting people with my eyes (even when quite indifferent to shaking hands with them) I own that I cherish a thought of Todhunter's which for nutriment is no more satisfying than a husk and yet is worth repetition:

> "The self within us burns, a lonely star,
> And knows not its own form."

The influence of Mr. G. K. Chesterton is obvious on the author of "Young Adventure,"[2] but Mr. Benét is so much of a poet on his own account that he has merely to continue to write books as good as the present volume to be assured of fame. He is gifted with extraordinary eloquence and the novelist's power of interesting by a procession of circumstances. Hence it is not easy to dismiss from one's mind the horror of "The Hemp (A Virginian Legend)," telling of a pirate who boasted of his unhangableness without guarding himself against the revenge of an inexorable knight. Again not even Bernard Capes, master though he was of the art of story telling, could have surpassed the frightfully feline fascination of Mr. Benét's description of a poisoning feat performed with elegant and expensive hypocrisy by Pope Alexander VI. And yet to say that does not describe the special offering that our poet makes to the reader. That offering is his vivid exhibition of the fact that Fancy, whether it be Keats's or another's, has the power to confer life on blankness, being a genius ready not only to fill up every vacuum but to call in a world of excitement to interpenetrate a world of dullness. Mr. Benét's poetry is rich in narrative interest and poetic artistry.

Mr. Willoughby Weaving[3] pleases his reader on the very threshold by acknowledging indebtedness to his friend Mr. Richard Rowley for "many beautiful amendments." M. Saint-Saëns once confessed that he never accepted improving ideas from others for work already done; he preferred a comparatively poor originality to something richer resulting from collaboration. A determination to be oneself through thick and thin, however, deprives criticism of a great part of its utility; and in these times, when critics are calling out to ravens to feed them, Mr. Weaving's implied esteem for the tribe to which, rather by fate than effrontery, I belong, is gratifying. That he is a good poet is shown by a remarkable narrative in short rhymeless lines called "Marsyas and Apollo," in which there is no grief but the unappeasable yearning of the artist towards divine beauty. His "Eve" is another poem which reconceives an old legend with loving intention and felicitous effect.

* "Women of '98." By Helena Concannon. 6s. net. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.)

[1] "From the Land of Dreams." By John Todhunter. 4s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

[2] "Young Adventure." By Stephen Vincent Benét. 5s. 6d. net. (Humphrey Milford.)

[3] "Heard Melodies." By Willoughby Weaving. 6s. net. (Oxford: Blackwell.)

XUM

Mr. Weaving is nobly conscious of a life to come, and few war poems have impressed me as much as his "Beyond Recall":

"Where men fell thick, like sheaves beside
The shrewd machine that reaped and tied.
And life was left like stubble bare,
He could but see with inner sight
That life was but a thing how slight,
And death a thing how fair . . .

"He did not wish that they would rise,
And move their silly hands and eyes."

"Heard Melodies" is a book worth buying and listening to.

It must be seldom that a poet's sonnets to his dead wife[4] are reviewed by the surviving husband of a dead poet. I wish that the singular fitness in the preparation for reviewing in this case could lead to a corresponding fitness in the review. Perhaps the remark that primarily occurs to one, however, is so relevant to the dead that it has little bearing upon sonnets. In my own experience my art, even when used for the purpose of eliciting response, never seemed to effect contact between me and the individual whose love had for a decade of my life been marvellously wakeful and expressive. But occasionally, when some fresh turn or prospect, some new grief or plan was confronting or occupying my mind, I (without issuing an appeal) perceived her responsive amid the shifting scenery of dreams. Art of course means in itself an interposition between artist and object, namely the idea of some kind of virtuosity. If one is but a statue of grief or longing, forgetful of pose, neglectful of words, how eloquent and penetrative one may be. But attempt to construct a sonnet, and between oneself and one's love what figures stand—the "Petrarchan model," Arithmetic, Pronunciation! D. L. I.'s fifty-two sonnets, however, contain much that is beautiful, and we understand from them that the strength and constancy of his affection were not ignored in the world of discarnate humanity. Among a rac. adroit in quick consolations this lovely sonnet deserves many hearings:

"Time has two gifts to offer those in grief
For their lost dead—one is forgetfulness,
With pain and sorrow become something less
Than present pleasure, glimpses faint and brief
Of the dear past; and this men call relief
And healing; but the other gift more rare
Is pain that lasts, and with it strength to bear,
And memory, of life's joys become the chief.
Let love be keen to choose the nobler gift,
And learn to live with sorrow as a friend,
Gentle, yet strong, that will admit no drift
Into forgetfulness. So to the end
Love shall be loyal and, in spite of pain.
Find in that loyalty a lasting gain."

In "Margaret"[5] the spirit of the double superlative is too clamorous to be convincing. Uxorious apotheosis easily becomes ludicrous, and even if it did not Mr. Megus would affect the risible muscles by his idolatry. He says he has sown "nine hundred weeds and ninety-nine for critics and for Thee ["Margaret"] the thousandth line." Among the 'weeds" we may confidently include a "weary Sun" which is kneeling

"To kiss the royal ermine robes of snow
Whose folds around her steadfast ankles flow."

Nevertheless the gold of poetry is not absent from this sequence of stanzas, which in form and effect resemble curtailed sonnets. Moreover the gold is not the lucky gold of chance but the inevitable gold of the mine. Amidst fantastic artificialities one finds live enthusiasm and noble chivalry. A stanza which contrasts Sir Lancelot with King Solomon pleases like a fine stroke of criticism, and in a world where emotion so easily becomes lukewarm we are not too amorous of common sense to withhold a sympathetic smile from the poet who bids us

"Learn last the meanness of the golden mean."

[4] "Sonnets after Loss." By D. L. I. 3s. net. (Dent.)
[5] "Margaret." By Raymond E. Negus. 3s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

JOHN LANE'S LIST

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The author of "The Silken Tassel"[6] is a Gujerati poet and is an example of a power over a language foreign to the writer which reminds me of an experience of my childhood. Accustomed from the time of my earliest use of speech to regard grace and expressiveness of language as instruments of my welfare more important than legs, I was taken one night to a meeting to hear John Bright. The renowned statesman was in good form, but he was preceded by a Hindu barrister, Lalmohun Ghose, whose name has ceased to mean anything to the man in the street. But Ghose meant something then. The torrent of his wonderful eloquence hurried me away into a Paradise of music. After him Bright seemed all commas and semi-colons, and though I shook hands with Bright after the meeting Ghose remained my hero. I almost think that Mr. Khabardar would have seemed to me a great artist in song in those far-off days. Certainly he knows how to recall memories of Shelley and Tennyson, though the artistic quality of that which flows from him so easily is not quite first rate. Still his mind moves to a delightful optimism in a charmingly lyrical way. The Kokil (or cuckoo) is in his heart. Some of his lines insist on being remembered, as for instance, this pretty bit of extravagance:

"Her radiant face doth tempt the heavens to make another moon."

We may also treat the fairer reader to a pinch of his salt:

"I was proud and full of beauty: Beauty that is worst of wines;
Not the drinker but the cask that holds to drunkenness declines."

It is difficult to say where the eye of a running and skipping reader will alight, but I hope that if he has not read Mr. Norman Gale's verses to children,[7] he will consider my closing paragraphs as symbolic of a signpost pointing him on the way to the nearest bookseller who will deliver them to him. It is hard to write for children anything that deserves to be rescued from their destructive fingers after the hour of satiety has struck in the nursery. But Mr. Gale, who loves children and Santa Claus, has made the idiom of early childhood so ideally his own that his verses create a troop of images too delightful for the beholder to keep a straight face or to maintain any aspect of impassiveness or severity. "Bobby's First Poem" is a miracle of natural absurdity. Mr. Gale is an admirably persuasive inculcator of kindness to animals; witness this stanza:

"I always hope the bird will fly
So high, so high,
That not a single leaden dot
In all the swarm of nasty shot
Will bring her tumbling from the sky
To die.
Don't you?
If not, please *do*."

From the point of view of the serious the most excellent poem in the book is "The Reward," in which Mr. Gale is privileged to see Father Christmas filling the stocking of Mr. Gale's mother "when a child." The exquisite tenderness of this poem is an inspiration of more than mere talent; and though perhaps only Mr. Belloc is funnier in "Cautionary Tales" than Mr. Gale, it is Mr. Gale's tenderness, his gentle humour, playing like a zephyr among roses, which commend him to us as the most perfect children's poet alive among us.

W. H. CHESSON.

AN EARTHQUAKE IN FLEET STREET.*

Miss Klickmann has effected something like an earthquake in Fleet Street, an avalanche in Literary Land. For centuries the editor and the would-be contributor have been represented in the respective rôles of the wolf and the lamb. Our pity has been invoked, our tears invited, by the picture of the terror-paralysed lamb-contributor in the den of the merciless wolf-editor. Except for the fact that our lamb is so innocent as to be innocent even of offspring, one might put the finishing touch to the familiar picture by representing the lamb-contributor as helpless and hopeless while its offspring, in the shape of a manuscript, is being rent, limb from limb, by a devouring wolf-editor.

Now Miss Klickmann steps forward and gives us to understand that our century-old beliefs are all wrong; and that too often it is the would-be contributor who is the time-destroying, work-preventing, energy-devouring wolf, and the unhappy editor who is the inoffending and defenceless lamb.

"For the *Woman's Magazine*," she says in "The Lure of the Pen" (page 160), "I have been offered murder stories of the most lurid and revolting character"; and as one reads the words, one seems in imagination to hear the angry cries of "Shame! Shame!" from a Greek chorus of outraged editors. Then Miss Klickmann goes on to catalogue some of the many atrocities and "frightfulnesses" perpetrated on unhappy editors by would-be contributors.

Having thus, as I have said, stepped in—a very Kruger in the sense of "staggering" literary humanity—to revolutionise Fleet Street and Literary Land, and to set both, head downwards, feet and legs waving wildly in air, Miss Klickmann betakes herself, by corridor train, an excellent luncheon provided on board, to the West Country fastnesses of a "Flower Patch Among the Hills," where it is her boast that not all the centuries, nor the war, nor even the advent to Parliament of Mr. Bottomley, have in the remotest way changed the old order of things.

But to be serious. We are all, editors, contributors, and the reading public, weary of the conventional Guide to Success in Literature, with its stereotyped exhortation to young authors, and, at the very end, an inevitable specimen page, a painful object-lesson, headed: "How to Correct Proofs." In the visitors' book at a certain seaside hotel there is an entry by a popular lady novelist: "Had a lovely time here. Delighted to find a copy of——" (mentioning her most popular novel) "in the drawing-room." Then follows the lady's signature. The next entry is by a man novelist, and is also signed. It runs: "Had a beastly time here. Thank God, it's gone—the copy of——"

Similarly we are thankful that Miss Klickmann spares us that inevitable specimen page of "How to Correct Proofs." In the whole of her book there is nothing perfunctory, stereotyped, conventional. The fresh and original standpoint from which the work is penned, the innumerable new and entertaining stories, the humour, wisdom, expert knowledge and common sense, make "The Lure of the Pen" not only invaluable to the literary aspirant, but also a work of amusement, interest and information to the general reader. He, as apart from the literary aspirant, will find that by studying "The Lure of the Pen," he has not only, on the subject of How to Write, learned a good deal which he did not know before, but has also learned a very great deal that will be new to him on the subject of How to Read.

Possibly those of us with "coming on" sons and daughters who are anxious to write, will be taking great credit to ourselves for bringing home "The Lure of the Pen," giving as our reason that the book will be a help to our young folk in their literary efforts, while all the time our true intent will be all for our own delight.

About the book's value to every one, young or old, who is considering literature as a profession, there can be no question. As one who was for long years himself an editor, and so has suffered not a little under the burden of many impossible MSS., I have made much, made more really than the facts justify, of Miss Klickmann's good-tempered fling at the fool-would-be-contributor. But the work is, as the sub-title denotes, mainly for the literary beginner. For the Dick Whittington of letters, setting out to seek

[6] "The Silken Tassel." By Ardeshir F. Khabardar. 3s. 6d. (Adyar, India: Theosophical Publishing House.)

[7] "A Merry-Go-Round of Song." By Norman Gale. 6s. net. (Rugby: Norman Gale.)

* "The Lure of the Pen: A Book for Would-Be Authors." By Flora Klickmann, Author of "The Flower Patch Among the Hills"; "Between the Larch-Woods and the Weir." 7s. net. (The Religious Tract Society.)

a fortune by the pen, Miss Klickmann's book should be worth its weight in Treasury notes. Whether our Dick Whittington be boy or girl, young man or young woman, he or she will find here the stored wisdom of the many years in which Miss Klickmann has been a brilliantly successful editor. The aspirant will also find the stored wisdom of the fewer years (for Benjamin-like, Miss Klickmann left at the bottom of her sack the gold cup of her best gift of all to us, the books she has written) in which she has been an equally brilliantly successful author. What edition "The Flower Patch Among the Hills" is now in, I do not know, for it has been published some two or three years, but I remember that eight or nine large editions were sold within the first twelve months, and its successor, "Between the Larch-Woods and the Weir," has been equally popular.

When a serial which had been running for a long time in the *Windsor Magazine* came to an end, a growsing reader wrote to the publishers (Miss Klickmann was then one of the two editors, but she does not tell the story in "The Lure of the Pen"): "The chief character in your serial story is, I see, dead. And when the man who wrote the story is dead, too, you can put me down for a wreath."

I conclude by recording my one and only quarrel with Miss Klickmann. It is that "The Lure of the Pen" was not published in the days when I was myself "beginning author," and when her book would have shortened the long way by many a weary mile. Instead, it comes out when my time for going west may not be so far away; and when some would-be contributor whose work I have, in my editorial days, been compelled to turn down, some reader who has been badly punished and bored in the effort to read something I have written, may weigh in with a joyful "You may put me down for a wreath."

COULSON KERNAHAN.

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This sequel to "The Blue Bird" shares the fate of many such repeated adventures in prose or verse. Welcome and refreshing as it is, because of its imagination, humour, and pleasant playing with eternal things, it lacks the element of novelty. It is not original as its predecessor was original, and so an enormous difference results It has lost the splendid factor of surprise. Yet how delightful it is to wander along these paths of coloured and well-lighted fantasy; and although the allegory rather drags—it dwindles much as Destiny dwindles in the play—that does not matter one bit. Allegory is one of those monsters that, in a living book, invariably ends by mastering its maker.

To a great extent the scenery and furniture of "The Blue Bird" fit "The Betrothal." Again Tyltyl, though now he is of the love-making age, sixteen, is awakened by the Fairy Bérylure from his sleep in the kitchen to put on his breeches in the old familiar manner; and again we visit the abode of the children, that amazing region where Posterity can play old crony with its ancestors, though on this occasion there is no figure of Time to point the moral and adorn the beautiful back-scene. And still once again our old friend, Light, as ever reminiscent of the good fairy of pantomime, guides the child through the passages of his supreme adventure to its conventional happy ending. It is a pity there is not more difference between the plays, because the inevitable comparison must be to the disadvantage of the sequel.

The theme is the everlasting one of the search for love. Tyltyl must choose his mate, the mother of his sons and daughters, destined, despite Destiny, already to be six. There are seven maidens to choose from; six of them neighbours of Tyltyl, with whom he has exchanged the glance that kisses; but the seventh is a mystical maiden, a vague shape, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans anything, an

* "The Betrothal, or The Blue Bird Chooses." By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. 6s. (Methuen.)

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expressionless veiled phantom who wanders here and there in a desultory manner, to loll against pillars and play the part of a muted shadow in a way that in the old days would have roused the derision of the pit. We have better manners now, at least, in the cheaper theatrical seats; but it will need talent as well as restraint on the part of the actress to get this "Joy" across the footlights. Tyltyl finds himself unable to make his choice from among these damsels; and so he must go seek the counsel first of his ancestors, and afterwards of his descendants. For some unexplained reason Bérylure decides that he must have money, so he pays a visit to a miser in his cell, the obliging fairy opening the door by using her wand, which five minutes earlier she had declared was being repaired at the centre of the earth—a very careless inconsistency. Then on to Bérylure's palace, through a region of rocks to the Abode of the Ancestors, *via* the Milky Way (how to get *that* within this wooden O) to the Abode of the Children; and so home to the cottage bedroom and the Blue Bird. Throughout this Pilgrimage, under the guidance of Light—who often talks, as indeed does Bérylure also, rather like the Rev. Dr. Barlow—Tyltyl and the girls are dogged by Destiny; at first a monstrous shape, granite and awful, with a grip of bronze and a voice portentous, to decrease in everything but self-assertion, until at last he is a puking child in an overwhelming cloak and sombrero, mumbling large words in lisping infantese. It is this richly comic character of Destiny that defeats whatever allegorical purpose Maeterlinck might have had. Here we are shown him as a force that threatens, and in the end is bankrupt nothing; yet it is destiny and nothing else that actually rules Tyltyl's choice. No decision proves possible because the Veiled Figure, the future mother, is an unread mystery, and then the youngest of the unborn children, to be the eldest of the children born, speaks for himself, utters the word, makes the choice, claims his mother. It is, in fact, Destiny that decides, although we are shown the comic Destiny futile and like a modern politician or the Duke of Plaza-Toro leading his followers from behind.

It would, however, be completely absurd to dwell at full length on the futility of the allegory as if that were the measure of the play; for "The Betrothed" is charming, amusing, and pleasantly gives to thought. It has the same familiar humour as "The Blue Bird," and because it invades these mean and nasty times with the enchantment of fancy, colour, and quaintness of humour, it is as welcome as the sight of the daffodils swaying in the wind of a March morning. The language of this English version is colloquial in the British manner. Fairy, Light, the Prehistoric; all the people, mortal or metaphysical, talk in the idiom of Brixton: and we miss the poetry that would have rightly set the occasional charm of the thought.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

A STUDY IN SEPIA.*

In one of Mr. Maugham's plays the hero towards the end exclaims in a fit of petulance: "I held up an ideal and they sneered at me. In this world you must wallow with the rest of them." Petulance is a poor war-substitute for vivacity and wit, and it certainly is not absent from this book. It has something in common with his first novel, "Liza of Lambeth," much of its realism, and something of its power, developed to a maturity which is expressed in the writing if it is not always perceptible in the tone. Too often it gives one the feeling the narrator confesses receiving from the descriptions of Marseilles and its underworld—"I received the impression of a life intense and brutal, savage, multi-coloured, and vivacious." For all these phases pass and repass with dazzling rapidity in this story of the misanthropic freak, Charles Strickland.

Strickland, a stockbroker in a comfortable way, rejoices in a charming wife and family, or perhaps it would be truer to say that they rejoice in him and the sheltering income he provides. The household atmosphere is drawn as near normal mediocrity as a rather jerky and cynical narrative can go, except that the chatelaine has wit as well as warmth, and basks in a happiness which is largely of her own creation—the better to set off her misery when her house of cards collapses. For this commonplace and inartistic spouse of hers deserts her and clears off to Paris, for reasons which scandal cannot recognise or recall by precedent, so it fills in what motives it likes. Here, however, Strickland sustains injury—the only injustice he can complain of in a career which consists mainly in the cruelties he inflicts on other people. He answers all reproaches and appeals with obscenity, robs a benevolent neighbour of his wife, and accepts her suicide as all part of the decreed order of things. He leaves France for Tahiti, takes his pleasure as he finds it, and is nursed to the last in blindness and leprosy by a native woman who has borne him a son and carries out his last request by burning their hut down, decorations and all. Here, in a word, is the only motive the author supplies in this cul-de-sac of teasing realism. Strickland, in accordance with his unaccountable nature, has suddenly dedicated himself to painting, and art is the drug that consumes him. Mr. Maugham paints the painter's portrait in masterly words, but we can no more accept Strickland's art than we can his break-away. It is a study of freakishness, told with a caustic cleverness of phrase, and a cold impartiality of outlook that is studied to a hair. As an essay in fiction with a biographic camouflage, it is a masterpiece in its way, but its human interest is thin.

J. P. C.

* "The Moon and Sixpence." By W. Somerset Maugham. 7s. net. (Heinemann.)

SIR ORACLE AND LADY SENSE.*

We know less about the future than we think about it; our thoughts about the war are generally fewer than the facts we have gained about its course; and as for the "Conscience of Europe," whatever that may be, our knowledge and our thoughts are on a par. Any one of these three topics would be enough for a book, if the writer had something vital to say. Any two of them would. The three together are unmanageable. And any hope of enlightenment vanishes when the reader discovers that the "Conscience of Europe" is represented, if you please, by President Wilson and the Bolshevists, who exemplify "a regard for truth and a sense of responsibility towards the higher ideals and rights of humanity"! This is the contribution made by Professor Alexander W. Rimington to our equipment for facing the present crisis. He has unique qualifications for the task of instructing his erring fellow-Europeans.

"I have travelled much in Europe, have frequently lived abroad for many months at a time, have been brought into exceptionally close touch with all ranks and classes of people in most of the nations now at war; and have had many international and social questions brought home to me."

Think of that! How can a dog of a reviewer bark, when Sir Oracle opens his lips, even though dogs suspect the pacifist sheepskins that drape the Bolshevist wolf? Let the dog say that this booklet is feeble, wordy, and self-righteous. No honest watch-dog could say less, and he need say no more.

Mrs. Herman's book is a very different message. She is out to analyse some fashionable tendencies in the theory and practice of Christianity, and to suggest more excellent ways to the Church. The characteristic of her volume is good sense. She has the courage to challenge a number of plausible enthusiasms, not for the mere sake of clever writing, but from the consciousness that they are omitting some elements of truth which are essential to success. For example, she deals candidly with the cry that the Church ought to develop worship instead of preaching, and also with the delusion that what "Tommy sees in us" is the

* "The Conscience of Europe—The War and the Future." By Professor A. W. Rimington. 3s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.) —"Christianity in the New Age." By E. Herman. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

final truth. The three main perils which she seems to anticipate in this new age are old perils, but it is just because they are old that they need to be freshly exposed. One is conservatism in thought, the disinclination to think out the Christian faith in relation to the modern environment. This is what gives an opportunity to fads and fanaticisms in the religious world; and, as Mrs. Herman briskly shows, it is fatal to allow the reaction against "intellectualism" to blind us to the dynamic power of ideas. What the Church in many quarters requires to offer is information pure and simple. Religious knowledge, put in terms of present-day life, is a real need. So is co-operation. She insists wisely on an individualism which is not anti-social, and upon the duty of the Church to lay a sound basis for its corporate life in doctrine. No amount of so-called "social" preaching will effect this.

"The social doctrine promulgated by Trades Unionists is sufficiently democratic; yet Trades Unions, as one knows them, are not one whit ahead of the Churches in adopting a hospitable and understanding attitude towards the classes not included in their membership, whether it be the capitalist class or the ranks of casual labour. If the truth were told, they are several degrees more class-conscious and exclusive than even the most complacent churches."

Finally, the Church must abjure conventionalism and develop the adventurous spirit in her members. Dean Church put this duty long ago in one of his most weighty Oxford sermons. It is the nerve of all men and women who are true missionaries. They instinctively act upon the principle. Where it is least recognised is in the home churches, and the closing chapters of Mrs. Herman's book are an urgent plea for this spirit of resolute vitality, which sees more than popularity as an end for the Church.

"Christianity in the New Age" is a living piece of work. All sorts and conditions of people are engaged in drawing up programmes for the Church in the immediate future, some as if nothing had happened since 1914, others as if Christianity had lost its identity. It is refreshing to come across a book which is fresh without being wild. You can take exception to some of Mrs. Herman's views. But the general sanity of her attitude is a means of health. She has things to say, that theologians and ecclesiastics and church members will be none the worse of heeding; and she says them without scolding.

JAMES MOFFATT.

ARTEMAS AGAIN.*

It is a commonplace of criticism to say that a sequel is never as good as its predecessor. And, generally speaking, the saying is true enough. It is especially true of our present-day era of fiction, in which the sequel plays an ever-increasing part. We have novels that continue through volume after volume, interminably, until their very excellence becomes insufferably tedious.

It may be urged that the novels of yesterday also ran to sequels, that these sequels were not so called merely because they contained in bulk, and not by instalments, the full content of their main theme. But that is just the distinction to be drawn between them and the modern novel. They really did come to an end at last, whereas, so far as I can see, these sequels of to-day might go on for ever and ever, growing as their author grows, changing with the changing fashions of the time.

Now this is the Third Book of Artemas that I am reviewing. I reviewed the First Book with unstinted enthusiasm as quite a new thing of its kind, most excellently well done. The Second Book I approached a little askance; but, resolved to put all prejudice aside and to ignore all conventions outside my own standards of literary values, I dealt with it faithfully and praised it again.

But what am I to say about this Third Book?

At the first onset it almost bored me. Not quite, however, for though I seemed to have caught the knack of its satire and to anticipate its effects, the satire and the effects

* "The Third Book of Artemas." (Westall.)

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were still there and they were good in their kind as before. Only I was a little weary of these mock-Biblical chronicles of the acts of yesterday. They were outworn, outmoded. And then I came to Chapter V. . . . and Chapter V. was, oh, so beautifully different! It saves the book by having no real part in the book at all. Its "Sundry Observations Concerning Women" are truly priceless. And Chapters VI. to X. concerning the first evils of disarmament, the revolt of the women from any menial service, and other equally fine girds, are also priceless.

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So may it please you to continue with your Artemas who, though he grow old as his picture on the cover, is younger than ever in this Third Book of his.

EDWIN PUGH.

Novel Notes.

MARRIAGE WHILE YOU WAIT. By J. E. Buckrose. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mrs. Buckrose is her usual delightful self in this new book of hers, "Marriage While You Wait." It is the story of a war wedding, and of how a marriage in haste was prevented from turning into a "repent at leisure" affair. "There is one thing I wish I could say to every young couple like ourselves, settling down after the war," says Sophia, the heroine of the story. ". . . I should like to say, 'You stick to it, and give each other a chance, for if you don't you may be throwing away the best chance of happiness you'll ever have in your life!'" The book should make a wide appeal, because it touches on experiences that many a war bride and bridegroom have gone through. It is not a war story though, so much as a story of the effect of the war on a certain group of people, and of what "happens after" the heroine gets married. Mrs. Buckrose gives us many skilful character studies and maintains a lightness of touch throughout the story which makes it all very pleasant reading.

IN THE MORNING OF TIME. By Charles G. D. Roberts. 7s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

It is a great thing in these days to come across a novel that gets right out of the common rut and opens up fresh fields of speculation. Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts's "In the Morning of Time" is something quite unusual and quite unusually good. It is a story of primæval man, of the young world of gigantic beasts and birds, of titanic struggles with nature, and discoveries that made the human race all-powerful over other animals. The first chapter pictures the world before man appeared on it, then the author shows the gradual evolution from the man-ape to the wild savage creature that wrested speech out of the centuries and learnt the magic of tools. The story deals principally with Grôm and his woman, A-ya, who belong to a tribe of hillmen, the most advanced then peopling the earth; with the battles of theirs against other tribes, with their continual war on the colossal beasts that threaten their existence. Grôm is the first man to discover fire, and put it to practical uses; he is the scientist of his age, disinterested, courageous in the cause of humanity; in him one sees the man emerging from the animal, the idea of race-preservation supplanting the idea of self-preservation; thought for the future taking the place of thought only for the present. The book is more than strikingly clever, it is a brilliantly imaginative piece of work, intensely interesting from beginning to end; a book that one remembers and puts aside among the few novels that are worth reading again.

LOVE LAUGHS LAST. By G. S. Tallentyre. 6s. net. (Blackwood.)

In the year 1807 this very charming love story begins with the elopement of pretty, delicate, unworldly-wise Camilla Forrest with brusque, blunt, big-hearted Captain King, R.N. And the little bride who had unhesitatingly left wealth and luxury for four hundred a year and a one-armed husband, knew that "the father who had treated her as his most valuable bric-à-brac was nothing to her beside the Prince—glum, middle-aged and precise though he was—who had kissed her into a living woman." To this devoted couple is born David, the real hero of the book. And the charming story progresses through the boy's childhood, loss of his father, youth and sea-going, until his uncle's legacy turns the current of his life, to some extent, and brings him face to face with Miss Theodora Heywood. The setting of the story wins the hearts of its readers, it is so admirably easy, picturesque and genuine. There is no strain on the author's part to show us how things looked and seemed just before the Victorian era. She takes us quietly into the early nineteenth century, and it is a matter of course. We never realise, as we read, that she is skilful, because her skill is so finished. In Theodora we meet the blue-stocking of that period, clever, priggish, self-conscious; and handsome and attractive though she is, we keenly resent her engagement to David. Fortunately others, dwelling in that vivid village in Kent, are of our mind, and for once at least a little assistance given to Fate is not amiss. A few of David's interfering and loving friends play Providence, and before our Gracious Queen Victoria ascended the throne David is happy with the right woman, and Theodora's abilities are turned harmlessly into wider channels. An occasional flaw in the language may be found as one reads on, but these are no serious blemish to the restful, amusing, piquant and satisfactory story.

AN ORKNEY MAID. By Amelia E. Barr. 6s. 6d. net. (Appletons.)

Mrs. Barr was eighty-six when she wrote this novel! Wonderful woman! (Have you ever read her autobiography? If not, get it.) She was reading the *New York Times* and her eyes suddenly fell upon one word which rang a little bell in her memory—"*Kirkwall.*" She closed her eyes, and thought of the place as she had seen it sixty-eight years before, and proceeded to write this quite readable and lively tale, which bears none of the signs of age. The scenes are laid in Orkney, at Kirkwall, in 1853, and towards the end of the book we hear of the Crimean War. Indeed, Ian, Thora Ragnor's young lover, goes out to do his share, and comes back full of dignity and joy for the marriage which was so sadly delayed. And at the wedding there was a Bride Cup mixed, in which pale delicious sherry and fine sugar and spices were mingled, and the whole was stirred by a strip of rosemary! The book gives a true picture of ways and customs of Orkney. It is full of sentiment, and due attention is paid to love, "What do lovers talk about when they are alone? Ah, their conversation is not to be written down. How unwritable it is! How wise it is!" The tale flows on easily to a happy end.

HERITAGE. By V. Sackville-West. 6s. net. (Collins.)

The heritage is a strain of Spanish blood in the daughter of a Sussex farmer. Ruth Penniston is swayed by it into marrying a local Don Juan, with the natural result of misery in her domestic life. It takes years before she gets rid of him, and the book ends with a hint of her union to the man who had all along been interested in her. Two features in the construction of the story retard the movement. One is the long space covered by the plot. The other is the device of telling the story allusively, by conversation and letters. Mr. Conrad manages this method, although even in his practised hands it sometimes proves intractable. But Miss Sackville-West has not mastered it in her first novel, and there is a lack of direct straightforward impetus in the tale. The psychological colouring is excellent. The authoress has put thought and care into her work. She drops remarks like these: "Half the secret of love lies in intimacy, whereby love gains in tenderness what it loses in mystery, and is not the poorer by the

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bargain." Indeed, the charm of the book lies in its atmosphere rather than in its movement. But charm it has, and that counts for much, the charm of suggestiveness. The farm life is exquisitely drawn. The interior of the household stands out vividly before the reader's eyes. It is the character sketching which is loose. But as a first novel "Heritage" is promising; it reveals gifts which will yield more in the realm of prose fiction.

THE AMETHYST RING. By Anatole France. A Translation by B. Drillien. 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

"L'Anneau d'Améthyste," which comes between "L'Orme du Mail" and "M. Bergeret à Paris," belongs to the year 1899. It is a series of sketches of provincial life, almost entirely unconnected with each other, except that certain characters—Royalists, Jews, clericals and militarists—appear in more than one. The only unifying element is the Dreyfus case, and the feelings aroused by the growing demand for revision. At intervals the patriot crowds assemble and "*conspue*" Zola, and even project a patriotic stone through the window of M. Bergeret, who examines it and finds it inferior to the missiles described in the classics. Then there is a series of intrigues by which a certain abbé is to be made Bishop of Tourcoing, the titular ring being that destined for the episcopal finger. Story, as such, there is none. The reader must make shift with the lovable character of Bergeret, and the ever-delightful antiquarian fantasias that Anatole France never can resist, and never should resist, for he composes them better than anyone else ever did. One other character must certainly be mentioned, the little puppy, Riquet, to whom the author devotes some of his most charming pages. The affectionate and engagingly ironical spirit of the series to which this volume belongs, the combination of bookishness with humane interest and an enthusiasm for progress and justice, all give their characteristic attraction to "The Amethyst Ring." It is not a great book; but it is unfailingly charming. Difficulties of production have raised the price of Mr. John Lane's translations, but have not diminished the attractiveness of the recent volumes.

FURTHER EAST THAN ASIA. By Ward Muir. 6s. net. (Simpkin.)

"The chaps as go ashore *never come back*." This was the information Alvin Kellock received from the captain of the steamship that was bearing him to the Island of Pulo—an island that, according to the same informant, was "more East than Asia." It was scarcely a statement likely to stimulate the young man's enthusiasm for his destination; yet the ghastly possibilities lurking behind the captain's words did not daunt him. "Free and unafraid," poet, yet, if need be, man of action and iron nerve, Alvin Kellock was the right person to go to the treacherous island in quest of its strange healing waters for the poor half-caste patients of a philanthropic Eastern doctor. And Alvin Kellock had made up his mind that he would come back. Steeling himself against every kind of horror except the right one, he was amazed to find that not death but pleasure detained the previous adventurers—a sickly, soul-destroying pleasure that stole their manhood and gorged their senses with hideous luxury. Kellock had promised the doctor to return; that and his natural health and vigour protected him, but another danger threatened and against this he had no weapons. Original in scheme, vividly told, with infinite care for detail, Mr. Ward Muir's latest novel strikes a new note, and those who are on the look-out for an exciting romance of the best kind cannot do better than get "Further East than Asia."

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